

CHRISTIAN HERALD



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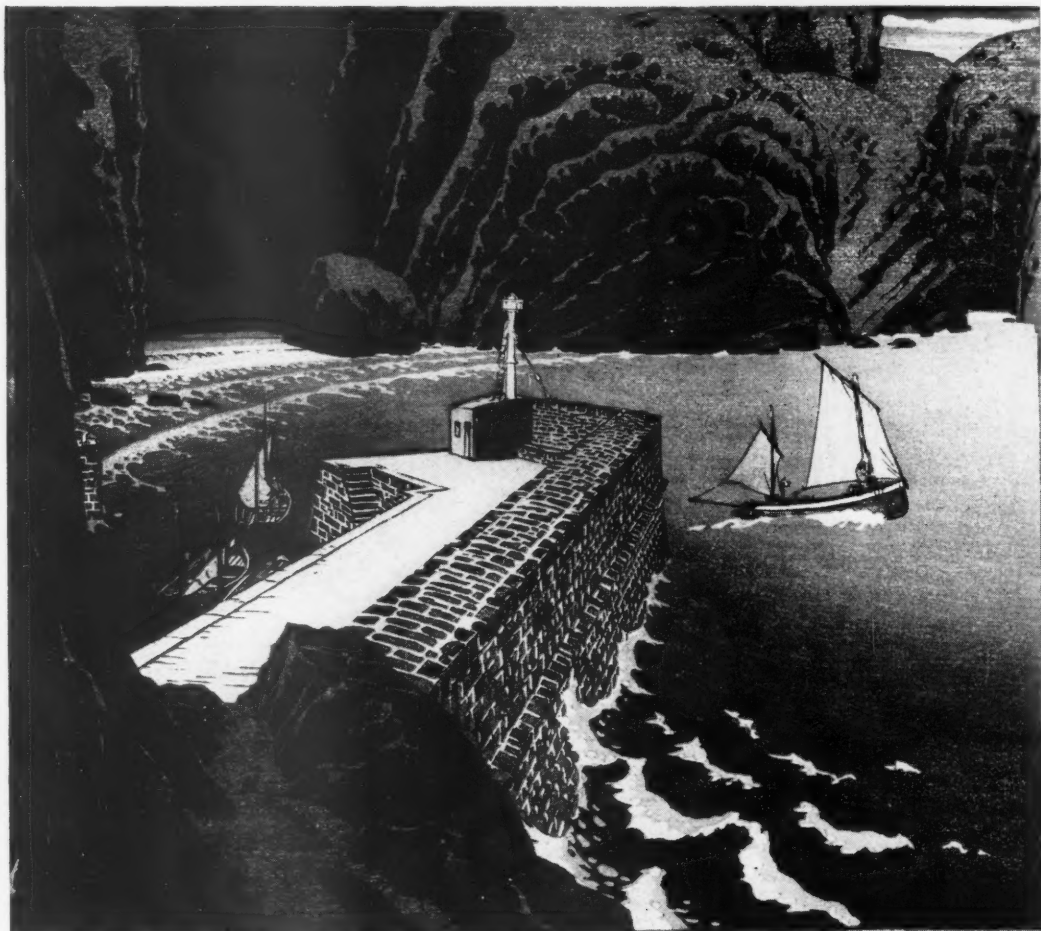
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WOOD BLOCK PRINT BY JOHN PLATT

My Lord of Little Boats

By BEATRICE PLUMB

Some find their Lord on Calvary,
And some in bleak Gethsemane;
My trysting place is less remote—
I find Him by a little boat.

I seem to see His Presence glow
In ev'ry little boat I know,
And, as in far-off Galilee,
His voice comes calling, "Follow Me!"

He sat within a boat and taught,
And so each little ship is fraught
With sanctity of sea and sky
That holds a whispered, "It is I."

In any tranquil, harbored sail
I hear that Galilean gale!
The roar of waves and tempest shrill—
And then His calming, "Peace . . . be still."

A fishing boat, a net, an oar—
And there He watches on the shore,
His Spirit brooding o'er the sea,
To breathe a wistful, "Lov'st thou Me?"

Some find their Lord on mountain top,
And some in Joseph's busy shop—
I find him where the shadows creep
By little boats that brave the deep.

The Country Preacher Says:



Well, the Country Preacher has just had quite a trip down south—'way down to South Carolina. He spoke in New Haven on a Monday night and in Newark Tuesday and in Philadelphia Wednesday and in Columbia, South Carolina, Thursday night. It was one of the largest banquets ever to have been held in the city, with some 600 at the Jefferson Hotel. I was treated with real southern hospitality—furnished with a fine room at the hotel and a car was sent to meet me at the station. It didn't get me, for I came on a different train and one that was four hours late.

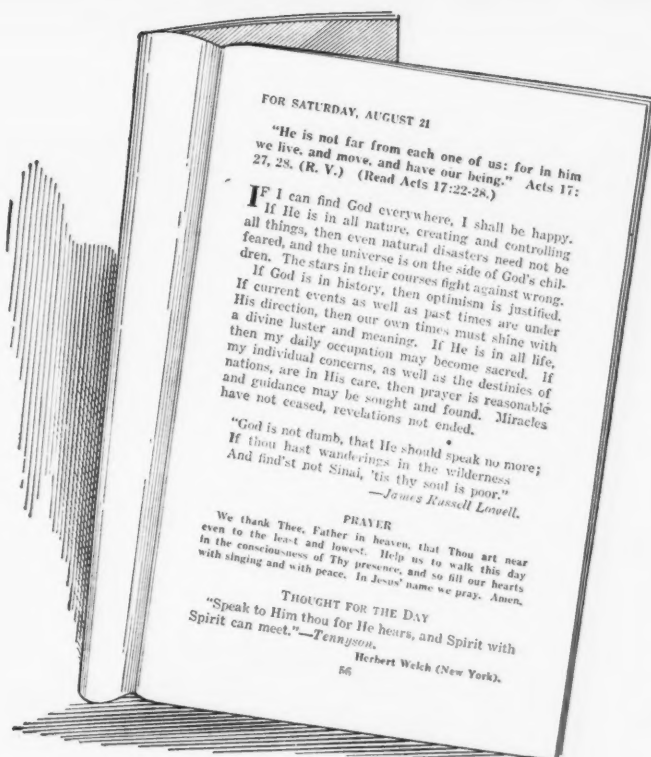
While things were still frozen up here in Connecticut, down south the gardens were planted and up out of the ground. They had a story about planting potatoes. You plant an onion right in the same hill and if the ground gets dry the onion causes the eyes of the potato to shed tears and this moistens the soil so you are sure of a bumper crop!

Columbia, S.C., with some 40,000 whites and 40,000 colored and 50,000 soldiers round about, is quite a study. This city has a wonderful housing project for the Negroes, and I was pleased to see how neat and clean it was around the building, and I was told it was just as neat and clean inside. They plan to clean up all the slum area in due time.

The big Episcopal church entertains around 500 soldiers every Saturday evening; their refreshments cost the church \$50.00 a week. This is no small bill, and the church does mighty well to pay for it. It is a bit uncertain how long it can keep it up. One no mean problem of this city is the number of girl sweethearts and war brides that come chasing down from the North with little or no idea where they can find lodgings or what they are going to do. I think these hasty war marriages are very bad, and should be discouraged.

To go back to the Negro question. It seems this state is divided into seven regions, each with its inter-racial council before which can be brought any matter of unlawful discrimination. The offending party is summoned for a hearing and the matter is threshed out almost always to the satisfaction of all concerned. I was told that a bus company was recently called to account, and what might have grown into a serious disturbance was settled to the satisfaction of all.

GEORGE B. GILBERT



FOR SATURDAY, AUGUST 21

"He is not far from each one of us: for in him we live, and move, and have our being." Acts 17: 27, 28. (R. V.) (Read Acts 17:22-28.)

IF I can find God everywhere, I shall be happy. If He is in all nature, creating and controlling all things, then even natural disasters need not be feared, and the universe is on the side of God's children. The stars in their courses fight against wrong. If God is in history, then optimism is justified. His current events as well as past times are under a divine luster and meaning. If He is in all life, then my daily occupation may become sacred. If my individual concerns, as well as the destinies of nations, are in His care, then prayer is reasonable and guidance may be sought and found. Miracles have not ceased, revelations not ended.

"God is not dumb, that He should speak no more; If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor."
—James Russell Lowell.

PRAYER

We thank Thee, Father in heaven, that Thou art near even to the least and lowest. Help us to walk this day in the consciousness of Thy presence, and so fill our hearts with singing and with peace. In Jesus' name we pray. Amen.

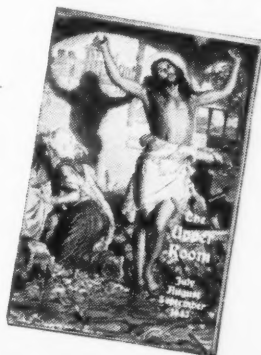
THOUGHT FOR THE DAY

"Speak to Him thou for He hears, and Spirit with Spirit can meet."—Tennyson.
Herbert Welch (New York).

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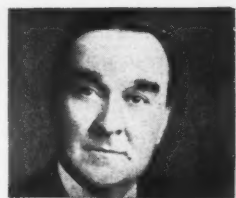
Editor in Chief DANIEL A. POLING
Editor FRANK S. MEAD

CONTENTS

MY LORD OF LITTLE BOATS, A Poem	By Beatrice Plumb	2
THE COUNTRY PREACHER SAYS	By George B. Gilbert	3
DOCTOR POLING ANSWERS		4
NEWS DIGEST	By Gabriel Courier	6
EDITORIAL	By Daniel A. Poling	12
H. H. KUNG, COOPERATOR	By J. Henry Carpenter	13
THE BOY, THE COUNCIL AND THE CHURCH	By Sarah Comstock	16
DISCIPLES OF 1943, II—Madame Chiang Kai-shek		19
THE SILVER CORD		20
I WISH I COULD TELL YOU, A Story	By Loula Grace Erdman	22
THEY SPEAK FOR TEMPERANCE, IV	By Branch Rickey	25
TO MARRY OR NOT TO MARRY	By Frank Howard Richardson, M. D.	26
NANCY OF DEERWANDER FARM—Part Six	By Agnes Borden Dusen	28
"THE HUMAN COMEDY," A Review	By Norman Vincent Peale	31
GOD'S LIFE-LINE	By Frank S. Mead	32
RECLAIMING OUR WASTED POWERS, A Sermon	By Ralph W. Sockman	34
STUBBORN CHILD	By Dorothy Canfield Fisher	36
PERSONALITY IN BLOOM, A Poem	By Cora L. Keagle	37
BILL GETS A SCRUBBING	By Albert Linn Lawson	38
DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR	By Archer Wallace	40
SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR JUNE	By Amos John Traver	44
JAMS, JELLIES AND PRESERVES	By Esther Foley	46
NEW BOOKS TO READ, Book Reviews	By Daniel A. Poling	50
STRAIGHT TALK	By Frank S. Mead	56
AFTER ALL!		64
COVER DESIGN		

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OUR PLATFORM Christian Herald, a family magazine for members of all denominations has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of Evangelical Christian Faith. To support World Peace; that it may be world-wide and lasting; Church Unity; that it may be increasingly a reality; Temperance; that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a Christ-like World.



DOCTOR POLING Answers

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

Question:

An Army officer recently said to his men, "Your one business in life is to hate and to kill. You can kill with a clear conscience when you hate." Do you believe that?

Answer:

I do not. Nothing can make war pretty. It is unholy and utterly ugly. We do not bless it. There are holy causes—freedom, justice, human personality. These we bless, and the government and men who defend them. We hate evil and God helping us, we will love our enemies. Finally, it is the positive that wins, not the negative. Love of freedom is more potent than hate of evil. It was this love that led George Washington and the Continentals to victory and the same dynamic, sacrificial passion will lead us to victory.

Question:

Did Christ fear physical pain? Was He not joyful on account of the service He was performing for all humanity to the end of time?

Answer:

Jesus was glad, profoundly glad, but He suffered excruciating physical torture. He was human as well as divine. He did not fear pain, though He drained its bitterest dregs. "If it be possible, let this cup pass from Me," were His words; but this was His conclusion: "Not My will, but Thine be done." The crucified, tortured Christ is our exultant, triumphant Redeemer.

Question:

While the motion picture industry promises to cut drinking scenes and criminal "gunplay," is it not time that the American people demand the elimination of features that degrade youth?

Answer:

Yes, it is time. The demand should be well reasoned and bear consideration

for all factors involved. The spirit of such demands is important.

Question:

What do you think of the criticisms of some Congressmen of current reductions in newspaper paper? It is charged that by these unnecessary reductions the government is playing politics and trying to destroy a free press.

Answer:

Not so! Allotments of newsprint paper have been cut ten percent and will probably be cut further. These reductions create serious problems for the publishers, but the war creates serious problems for us all. Labor, power, transportation, etc., must be conserved and fully utilized. The government has never told newspapers or periodicals what to print or what to leave out. These criticisms sound to me like the utterances of demagogues. As a publisher, I believe the reductions are necessary and that they are being made with utmost consideration for all interests involved.

Question:

What do you think of the protest made by certain American Episcopal churches against the letter written by the Archbishop of Canterbury in favor of union between the Presbyterian Church in the United States and the Episcopal Church? What do you think of the Archbishop's endorsement?

Answer:

The Archbishop's endorsement was a generous statement, wisely written. Specifically he refrained from expressing a judgment upon "any particular schemes." He gave his endorsement to a great principle and voiced the prayer for Church unity that should be upon the lips and hearts of Christians everywhere. Criticisms made by certain churchmen on this side of the Atlantic are a sad commentary upon our schisms. The world rocks and turns to other gods, while we church-

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BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

men shout the shibboleths of our divisions. It is a spectacle to make angels weep. No wonder more than seventy million Americans are outside the churches of all faiths. The Archbishop of Canterbury is a man of heroic size in all his proportions and preëminently the leader of Christian unity in the world.

Question:

We talk about "brotherhood" and "tolerance," but what actually do Catholics, Jews and Protestants have in common?

Answer:

My friend, Dr. Israel Goldstein, has an eloquent answer. Here it is: Protestant, Catholic and Jew, we agree upon the following affirmations: We believe in God. We believe that all men are His children, equal in His sight. We believe in the spiritual worth of the individual soul and in the inviolable freedom of the individual conscience. We believe that the earth and the fullness thereof are the Lord's, to be made available to all who need.

Question:

Every person born within the United States and reaching legal age is supposed to be a citizen with a right to vote, as well as other rights. Does the Expulsion Act change this fundamental principle so far as the yellow race is concerned?

Answer:

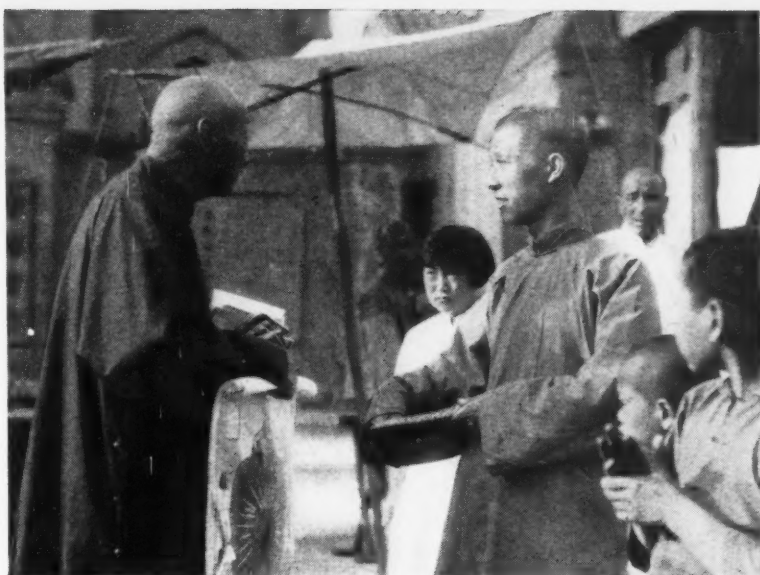
I assume that by the Expulsion Act the questioner refers to the removal of more than 110,000 Japanese native-born as well as foreign born, from their homes along the Pacific Coast. This war measure has not changed the voting status of Japanese-American citizens. Whatever you may think about the removal, may God shame us all if we do not do our utmost to preserve not only voting rights but all other rights to these and to all other fellow citizens.

Question:

When a strange couple comes to the parsonage to be married, don't you think it is a mistake to include "Till death do us part" in the marriage service? It seems wrong to me to make people promise something they have no intention of living up to—like "obey" in the old service.

Answer:

I do not think any "strange couples" should be married at the parsonage! Right here is the seat of the trouble. The clergyman should not perform a marriage service unless he is justified in believing that those to be married are determined with God's help to keep their vows. The word "obey" has been removed from nearly all the marriage services because it is unthinkable that the bride should be asked to obey the groom unless the groom accepts the same obligation.



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In China there is widespread hunger for the Word of God.

Printing plants have been bombed. Transportation systems have broken down. Many have no money to buy.

Yet the American Bible Society carries on, keeping offices open even in bombed areas, often at grave personal risk and acute discomfort. Scriptures are being sent to various sections of the country by every available means—by bearers, wheelbarrows, bicycles, rickshaws, oxcarts, trucks, busses, trains, junks, steamers and planes.

Neither difficulty, peril nor cost must stand in the way. For never before in the long history of Christian work in China has the need—and the opportunity—been so great.

You can help carry forward this great Christian work—and at the same time provide peace and security for yourself—through the purchase of an American Bible Society Annuity Agreement. Under such an Agreement you receive a regular income as long as you live. Let us send you the interesting booklet "A Gift that Lives." Learn how you are entitled to certain tax exemptions under the Bible Society Annuity Plan—how you can give and receive generously at the same time!

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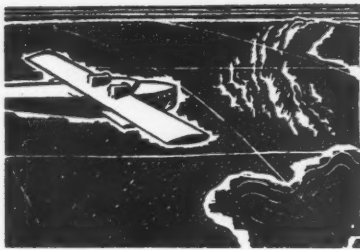
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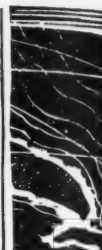
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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*

EDITED BY GABRIEL COURIER



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

AT HOME

POWER: The most powerful man in America is not the President of the United States; he is not the rubber czar or the food czar. He is John L. Lewis, and he is the most dangerous man in America as well as the most powerful. Never before, in this land of the free, have so many millions of people been so at the mercy of one man. And never before have we been in a position where one man could paralyze the nation and send us down to defeat in a war.

Whatever happens or doesn't happen in this coal situation—whether it is to be a nation-wide strike (as seems probable at the moment) or a peaceful settlement made by gentlemen and Americans—whatever may be decided, historians will talk more about Lewis than they will about the decision. In the hollow of his hand he holds not only the possibility of American victory or defeat in World War II, but he holds the destiny of Labor as well. He can either make or break Labor; he sets the course for the next hundred years.

If he is as bull-headed as he usually is, then Labor will lose what little popular favor it still has; even the public's patience has its limits—especially when the public's sons are fighting a war. The boys at the front hate John L. Lewis only slightly less than they hate Hitler. If they had their way. . . !

Question: Do the sons of the striking coal miners hate him, too? And will they die because John L. insists upon getting his way?

TIMBER: Governor John W. Bricker of Ohio is right in line for the Presidency. His campaign is plainly under way, and early in that campaign his managers are telling those who vote that Bricker has everything.

Well, he comes from Ohio, which state holds second highest honors among the states as provider of Presidential timber; that's something. He has a "little-red-brick-schoolhouse" education, he's not bad looking, has a good-looking family, has been successful enough in politics to draw national attention, has the respect if not the admiration of the Old

Guard, and he has the energy of a Wright Whirlwind engine.

But listen to him making one of his early (too early) campaign speeches. Said Ohioan Bricker at a New York banquet: "America is not, never has been and will never be an isolationist nation. The term defines nothing. It is used for selfish interests and by some blind fanatics who see goblins. America must deal with the other nations of the world and America must and will assume leadership. The term 'internationalist' is just as absurd. No sane man would think of wiping out national lines or so subordinating his own government to a foreign authority." He has yet more to say, but we will not burden you with it.

If this isn't the old-fashioned political pussyfooting, the old and deeply despised sitting on the fence, then we have lost our ability to judge a political speech. In one breath the Governor speaks of cooperation, in the next of America getting on top. Only "selfish interests and blind fanatics" are connected with the policy of isolationism—and immediately we are warned against wiping out our national lines and submitting to foreign authority! That's waving all our shirts at once, trying to please everybody at the same time. And we think the American public is a little too smart, a little too much experienced in such political double-talk, to be taken in by that.

For heaven's sake—and the future's—let's quit the bombast and try to understand that "isolationist" and "internationalist" are not words to be laughed off as lightly as all this. They are issues—and upon them depends the future of the world.

GREED: This item may be perilously like the last, but we think it worth the space. Down in Washington, Representative Thomas A. Jenkins of Ironton, Ohio, got to his feet in the midst of a debate on reciprocal trade agreements and shouted, "Here's what I'm tired of: all this talk about fellowship and goodwill and you fellows circumnavigating the globe. It all costs a lot of money. What do we get out of it?"

We don't know what reply was made to that on the House floor, but we do know that it is about the poorest argument we have ever heard on that floor. Fellowship and goodwill may cost something, as the Representative suggests—but we rise to ask just how much they cost in comparison with war, which is their opposite? We would also like to say that the finest way to get started toward the third world war is to go on asking "What do we get out of it?"

It was greed that started the war we're in now. It is greed that prompts the Representative's question—political, nationalistic greed. The greatest danger we in America have to face now is not the danger of losing this war, but the danger that when we come to make the peace we shall try to rear up our brave new world on the same old rotten foundations on which we built the rotten old pre-Pearl Harbor world. If we descend to that, we are lost.

What do we get out of it? That isn't the question. The question is, what shall we get if we do *not* reciprocate and cooperate? Mr. Jenkins might learn something about how the people of the U.S. feel about world cooperation vs. world greed by studying the reports on Mr. Willkie's latest book, "One World." Willkie pleads for one big cooperative family of nations—and his book has sold half a million copies thus far, breaking all records. It sells at the rate of 50,000 a day, and the publishers say they are struck by the crusading fervor of the people who buy "One World."

The people may be more far-visioned than their Representatives!

COURIER'S CUES: There will be 10.8 million men in the U.S. armed forces by the end of the year. . . . Drafting of fathers will start in earnest around August-September. . . . The trade unions are out to get Byrnes, Brown of OPA, and Chester Davis. . . . Luxury canned foods and vegetables will be rationed before long; shortages of dairy and poultry products is just ahead, due to the feeding of dairy and poultry feed to hogs. . . .

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 6

Tax experts say we can expect a waiver of at least 50 percent of our 1942 individual income taxes. . . . Tentative plans for winning the war promise to have Germany beaten in 1944, Japan in 1945. G. Courier says both will be beaten before that. . . . A new synthetic rubber industry is guaranteed for the post-war period; there is an agreement about it between Standard Oil and Jesse Jones' Rubber Reserve Company. Why Jesse Jones?

GOLD: Gold, as much as bullets, wins a war. Gold will win this one. The fifteen-odd billion raised by the United States government in the recent bond drive (which asked for only 13 billion) is a deciding weight in the scales of war. No other nation in the world could do that now—and there's more where that came from, if Uncle Sam needs it.

Only one cloud hovers over this effort. That is the deepening suspicion on the part of the American public that the news of the deaths of those American flyers executed in Tokyo was deliberately held back until it could serve as propaganda or stimulus for the bond drive. If that is *not* so, then the fact that it is *not* so should be broadcast all over the nation as quickly as possible. If it *is* so, then the ethics of those responsible for such a strategy need a good overhauling.

Something is surely wrong with our channels of war information. The Japanese knew almost immediately that those flyers had taken off from the "Hornet," and they kept on the trail of the "Hornet" until they sank her. It took the American public one solid year to find out about "Shangri-La." Why? The American public can take it. And we have a sneaky feeling that the American public will fight harder than ever when they are sure they are not being kidded, when they are sure they are being told the truth. Let's have it!

SERVICE: Hundreds, maybe thousands of churches and preachers all over the country are struggling valiantly with the problem of keeping the men and women in the armed services in touch with the old church back home. The devices are legion; about the most comprehensive and effective one we've seen to date comes from St. James Episcopal Church in Birmingham, Michigan.

We were startled when we found out that St. James has only about 360 families on the church roll; that makes it an "average" church in numbers, if not in spirit. Yet this church turns out a mimeographed news service that averages six pages per issue. It isn't done in bleak black-and-white, but in colored inks. The whole church membership seems to be in on it, acting as reporters, make-up men, mimeographers—in short, as anything and everything that will help the wide-awake rector, Warner L. Forsythe, get the issue in the mails. There isn't a



Shoemaker in The Chicago Daily News

YES, IT COULD BE MUCH WORSE

stereotyped or uninteresting line to an issue. In a paragraph entitled "Love in June" we read that "Sergt. Charles E. James, Jr., and Mary Janet Lersch have announced their engagement . . ." and that "Mary Jane McCurry and Harry B. Blavk have decided on Thursday, June 25, as the date for their wedding. . . ." Under the "Diploma Department," we learn that Lloyd Foster gets his LL.D. degree from Michigan this June. Sergeant Clem Hoover is home on furlough. It's all as good—and as homey—as that.

This is a success story that ought to be read, widely; it is Service for the men and women away from home, with a capital "S."

MANPOWER: Manpower is falling on South Florida from the skies. Up from the Bahamas come transport planes, bearing crowds of zoot-suited young Bahaman Negroes to help harvest the vegetables grown in the rich Everglades section. They live in Army tents or shacks, eat Army rations cooked in Army kitchens. They like it, and so do the farmers and planters, who have been worried over those vegetables.

Behind the movement flits a shadowy, unpublicized figure: pushing the program hard is the Duke of Windsor.

GREATNESS: This is nostalgic, written in 1831. But it is still potent. Back there in '31, the Frenchman de Tocqueville visited America, then wrote:

"I sought for the greatness and genius of America in her commodious harbors and her ample rivers, and it was not there . . . in her fertile fields and boundless forests, and it was not there . . . in her rich mines and her vast world com-

merce . . . and it was not there . . .

"Not until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpits aflame with righteousness did I understand the secret of her genius and power. America is great because she is good; and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

It has never been put better than that!

ABROAD

WHERE: The battle for Africa is over: Axian Rommel (the general who said himself that he couldn't be licked) is somewhere in safe Axis territory, brooding over the most colossal military collapse since 1918. Hitler says Rommel is sick—has been sick, for quite some time. We can believe that one! But sick or well, Rommel can't brood long: he will be needed when the Allies plunge into Europe.

But—where will the Allies plunge? Into Italy? The Italian coast is undoubtedly the best-fortified coast in Europe, at the moment. Rommel has had plenty of time to take care of that. But there is still the probability that there will be an Allied invasion of Sardinia; Axis radio stations last night were jittery over an allied concentration at Gibraltar.

Crete? Possibly. The Allies may have been shifting troops on the African side into position for a lunge at Crete; their position in Egypt also gives them a good jumping-off place for Crete.

The Balkans? There is plenty of guerilla help waiting in the Balkans, but it is tough country to fight in, and rumors say

that Hitler has sent in his crack SS troopers to hold this sector. An invasion in the Balkans would be bloody business.

Somehow, we keep thinking the stab may be made through Scandinavia. Or shall we say Italy and Finland at the same time? Out of Helsinki has gone (flown) the last of the American Legation officials and staff; that's a sign, pointing. And Hitler and Quisling have just had a long talk; that's significant, too.

A move into Scandinavia, across the sea from there into Russia, would do several things to German morale, all at once. It would strengthen Russia's hand, and remove the necessity of making the fearful Murmansk run to Russia with supplies; it would clear the North Sea; it would relieve Leningrad; it would take from Germany her sources of raw materials in Norway, Finland and Sweden; it would put pressure on Germany in the North and West while the Allied armies in the South were putting it on Italy. That would really be pressure!

We believe the thrust will come through Scandinavia.

GAS: This writer was in Paris in the summer of 1939, during the first practice air-raid drills. The youngsters in Paris thought there was something funny about those drills; they got out of school! But the older folk, who had gone through the air-raids of 1914-18, turned pale when the whistles went off. More than one of them said to me, breathlessly, "Gas! That's what we're afraid of . . . gas!" They were so frightened they could hardly speak. (Since then, I have always been a little impatient with those who tell me that France *wanted* this war.)

Gas! It is Europe's pet fear, today. The fear increases as Hitler becomes more and more desperate in his position; he is devil enough to use gas, as a last resort. If he does, say the British, then Germany will get a taste of gas from the Allies, who have "ample stocks".

Despite the Allied threat of gas reprisal, let's get it clear that the Germans have more to gain through the use of gas than the Allies have. Gas is highly valuable as a defensive weapon, of doubtful value to an army on the offensive. High explosives dropped from the air do far more damage, do it quicker and more economically. But gas thrown against an invader infects and contaminates whole areas of ground, slows up troop movements, throws advances off schedule.

MURDER: The news of the execution of the American flyers who bombed Tokyo did *not* have the effect upon the Americans that the Japanese thought it would have. They thought it would frighten us. It worked in reverse. It sent us into a cold rage; it made louder than ever the clamor to "Bomb Tokyo!" And Tokyo will be bombed.

That future bombing is what is back of

the executions. Japan is afraid—terribly afraid. And those who are most afraid are always the most ferocious. The whole performance is typical; it is a mirror in which we may watch the intricate workings of the Japanese mind. In some ways, these Japanese are the cleverest people in the world; they could, for instance, send to England for materials, make bicycles

truth about the Soviet. To our aid comes Sir Bernard Pares, who says that Russia has been ruled since 1921 by Communists who have given up Communism, that the old cry of "World Revolution" is completely forgotten in the Soviet, that the present moral standards of Stalinland are quite similar to the moral standards of Britain and the U. S., that it is up to



Fifty men of a British Eighth Army division built this church in the North African desert in their spare time. It seats eighty, has windows of empty oil drums with the bottoms knocked out, and pews that were once gasoline cans. Used shell-cases cut down to give varying notes when struck, are its carillon. Above, General Wilson visits the church

WIDE WORLD

of that material in Tokyo, pay the freight on those bicycles back to England, and sell the bicycles cheaper in London and Land's End than the British could sell them! That's clever.

But the Japanese mind has its blind spots. So long as things go exactly as the Japanese plan, it's all right. But when unexpected opposition arises, the planner just can't proceed. He often goes frantic.

Psychologically, the isolation of the Japanese before and even after Perry "opened" Japan, explains much of their action. A man who isolates himself and loses touch with the competition of other men, gets an exaggerated idea of his own prowess and importance; when he comes up against competition he didn't even know existed, he loses his head—and becomes brutal.

Fear and ignorance—these are the roots of his barbarism.

TRUTH: We've said before in these columns that the United States has never quite understood Russia, and that we the common people of these United States have been handed a too one-sided propaganda which was aimed at ridicule of the Soviet more than at understanding and

Britain and the U. S. to make an honest effort to really understand Russia if they want to get along happily with her in the future.

While we rather doubt the statement about Soviet-U.S.-British morality, we certainly go along with the rest of it. In the strict sense of the word, Communism is dead in Russia and has been dead for years; this is not Communism, but dictatorship. We also believe that the time has come when we in the United States *must* know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about Russia and what Russia expects to do in the postwar world. For Russia is not going to go 'way back and sit down when this war is over; she will close ranks and move out, east and west. We'd better be ready for that move.

We do not mean, when we say that, that we should be ready to fight Russia. If we cannot find a more sensible way than that, then the accumulated intelligence of the centuries is worth just about nothing. The more sensible way lies in showing the world a Christian democracy that is so much better than Communism that the Communist will be laughed out of court. We can do that, if we will.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 8

CHURCH NEWS

NEW FAITH: Speaking to the assembled ministers of Springfield, Mass., Dr. Philip Guiles of the Andover-Newton Theological School said bluntly that "Unless churches train their leaders to cope with real life-and-death situations, the American Red Cross threatens to become the religion of the future because it administers mercy where it is most needed." He also said that all young ministers should "see blood, witness autopsies and spend some time in the accented wards of hospitals in order to better understand human suffering." And he was shocked that some theological students "actually hate and despise their fellow men."

That's a lot of dynamite for one professor to be handling, all by himself. We think some of this is worth thinking about, and we also think he said some of it without thinking. The Red Cross—God bless it!—isn't religion and doesn't claim to be religion, and if any layman gets the idea that mere relief is religion, then the teachers of religion will have something to answer for. We also doubt that watching an autopsy will help any young theologian to "understand human suffering." The internship in the hospital ward is a great idea; why not add to that

POSTWAR: Dr. Arthur Cushman McGiffert, head of the Pacific School of Religion, is urging the special selection and training of young Christians to undertake postwar reconstruction work abroad. Governor Stassen of Minnesota says he "would like to see ministers preach in 10,000 pulpits on how to write the principles of our religion into the problems of our relations with other peoples of the world after this war." And the American Joint Executive Committee of the World Council of Churches says that "any attempt to re-educate the peoples of Europe after this war must involve a 'two-way' program of mutual assistance rather than a 'one-sided' effort to impose our beliefs on others."

We are especially concerned with that last statement, coming as it does just after **CHRISTIAN HERALD** has featured that article by Louis Adamic (May issue). Somehow, we are coming more and more to believe that the Christian people of America will be about the only people to be received with anything like a warm welcome in Europe and Asia after the war is over. And if they are Christian enough, and as much concerned with the sacredness of the human personality as Jesus was, and as much opposed to human exploitation as he was, we may have a chance after all to get something like a real peace.

ruins in Palermo, Turin and Naples. Among the churches hit in Genoa is Santo Stefano, where Christopher Columbus was baptized.

Here are the boomerang echoes of Coventry. We might remark that what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, or that those who take to the bomber perish with the bomber—but that would do no good. What stands out here is the old truth that war is no respecter of churches, that the airmen of both sides have destroyed, thanks to the bitter necessity of war, sanctuaries that can never be restored. Once a war gets going, anything goes. Not even prayer in a church will stop it; indeed, thousands have been killed in this war while they were on their knees in their churches.

We may be standing in need of more prayer—and action based on prayer—before the wars get going.

CULTS: The Massachusetts House of Representatives has just killed a bill which would have permitted the designated officers of "any religious cult or sect" to perform the rite of matrimony. The bill was killed because the legislators felt that the bill, passed, would have opened the way "for a new class of people to join company with our ministers, rabbis and priests."

We smell a mouse here—a political mouse. Certainly, it would be dangerous to permit anybody and everybody to solemnize marriage, to allow any fly-by-night cult to perform this holiest of ceremonies. But—just what is a cult, anyway? And a sect? Who decides? The Methodists were certainly considered a "sect," once, and a pretty small sect at that. And were the Pilgrims a "cult?" What of the Twelve?

This is dangerous ground, for the politician. And this is a question that will occur and recur, in other states, as time goes on. It will bear close watching.

SOCIALISM? Faculty members of 135 Methodist colleges believe that we are in for a socialistic form of government in America at war's end. In a survey just completed by the Board of Education of the Methodist Church, the majority of these professors said they believed that state socialism and government control will be the most important American development after the peace.

Some of them think this will hold only for the reconstruction period, while some others said it would come to stay. Still others were sure we are in for one form or another of socialized medicine.

It isn't hard to believe, if we know anything at all of how the government is ruling right now; the truth is that we already have more than a little socialism at work in the high places. That may be inevitable, in wartime; it is also inevitable that reforms established during war often carry over without anybody noticing it, when the war is done. It is inconceivable that all the socialistic



VICTORY GARDENERS. With one-fourth of the country's total 1943 food output needed to supply America's fighting men and the Allies, and with fewer canned goods on the market and less transportation space for fresh food shipments to civilians, Americans this year will harvest a huge home-grown vegetable crop.

six month's service in a police court?

Religion is not wholly the practice of compassion or even relief; it is a highly preventive thing. What seminary students should be learning is how to prevent suffering before it occurs, by striking at its causes. And if any young preacher hates or despises his fellow man, God help him!

There may be other groups equipped to do this—but right now it looks like the Christians, or nobody.

RUINS: The Italian Stefani news agency quotes Pietro Cardinal Boetto, Archbishop of Genoa, as saying that 72 churches have been destroyed or damaged as a result of Allied air raids over that city. Other reports tell of church

ideas we have put to work under the New Deal will suddenly be cast into outer darkness under the new "new deal." A few of them are actually worth keeping, whatever we think of most of them!

MARRIAGE, DIVORCE: Marriage and divorce become increasingly important features in the legislative programs of our several states. Florida, anxious to shed its reputation as a haven for divorce seekers, is considering a bill which would repeal a provision requiring a person to have lived only 90 days in the state to become eligible for divorce. South Carolina has a new law which requires applicants for marriage licenses to present both birth and medical certificates. Governor Dewey of New York has just vetoed a bill restraining husband and wife from seeking divorce outside the state unless both have been personally served with a process, and he signs another bill which strengthens existing blood-test requirements.

Slowly but surely, we're getting there. Every state in the Union should have tighter pre-marital medical laws, and it goes without discussion here that the divorce situation smells to high heaven. There is too much variance in those divorce laws. South Carolina, for instance, permits no divorce whatever, while Nevada—but why talk about Nevada?

There may be something else needed, even before we try to change the laws: a newer and higher reverence for the whole marriage relationship. The law can't give us that. The churches might.

HERE AND THERE: Des Moines will have a coordinated system of vacation church schools this summer, in an effort to help lower juvenile delinquency. . . . The new Alaska Highway has its own designated chaplain; he is the Rev. Donald Amos, of Canada. . . . An illegal Dutch newspaper recently printed the whole text of the Delaware Conference. Bravo! . . . Ministers in Fullerton, Calif., are working with doctors, lawyers, teachers, businessmen on a special "victory shift" in a local cannery. . . . Portland, Ore., has a new United Church Ministry to Defense Committee which makes worship available to vast Portland housing projects; 100,000 persons will be benefited. That makes sense. . . . Suggestion comes out of Washington that women serve on draft boards. Well, why not? . . . Mississippi educational authorities now accept credits in Bible instruction toward graduation in state public schools. . . . And that's all for this month.

PAYING: For some months back we have been reporting here that the finances of the American Church are definitely on the up-grade. That is true, but we get a bit of a shock in reading a recent release of the United Stewardship Council. The Council says that while church giving is on the rise, it has *not* kept pace



General Wladyslaw Sikorski, Prime Minister of the Polish Government-in-Exile and Commander-in-Chief of the Polish Army, was deeply involved in the break between Poland and Russia

with the rise in income, since 1928. During the last 15 years, national income rose 49 percent, while in the same period, church contributions actually fell off 31 percent.

The Council suggests that this might be helped by getting an amendment into our pay-as-you-go tax bills which would permit regular deductions for contributions to religious and philanthropic causes. It sounds good enough, except that it might tend to help some people to dodge a just tax with the excuse that they were "giving it to the Lord." And does the Lord want that kind of money?

TEMPERANCE

TREATMENT: A group of psychologists, psychiatrists, clergymen, social workers and representatives of Alcoholics Anonymous got together this month in New York City in a meeting called by the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol, to talk over the causes and cures of alcoholism. They made some interesting discoveries, delivered some startling dicta. To wit: Out of every 1,000 adult Americans, six or seven are alcoholics. Alcoholism should be treated more as a social disease than as a moral offense. State funds for treatment of alcoholism are almost non-existent. All Manhattan (N.Y.C.) did for its drunks last year was to clap 12,000 of them in jail from 24 to 72 hours, then turn them loose to drink again. And much more of the same.

Dr. Thomas A. C. Rennie of New York's Psychiatric Clinic said that medicine's main weapons against booze-inspired suffering are psychiatry, vitamins, sedatives, carbohydrates, glucose and insulin. He puts his faith in a "conditioned reflex treatment" which makes a man

nauseated at sight or smell of alcohol and which improved 76 percent of one series of alcoholic patients.

The Council recommended the establishment of really adequate clinics in which doctors, clergymen, etc., can do a better job; that alcoholics be given treatments as well as jail sentences; that special state hospitals be established. And Dr. Anton J. Carlson of Chicago offered a suggestion that warms our hearts; he suggested that the liquor industry of the country set aside ten percent of its advertising budget, and that the government contribute a good healthy share of its income from liquor taxes, to pay for it. **CHRISTIAN HERALD** is all-out for the whole program.

RATIONING: Every other day or so, this editor hears from some reader who asks why it is that the government doesn't ration liquor. We've tried to answer that one as intelligently as possible, giving both sides of the story. Now the National Alcoholic Beverage Control Association tells us and the rest of the wondering world that no matter what we think, there is only one side to the question now. Liquor, says the Association, will *inevitably* be rationed within the next few months, and maybe sooner.

Liquor dealers are painfully aware of the fact that their stocks are already drastically limited, and that there is small chance of those stocks being replenished for the duration.

This is a queer development: it may finally mean wartime prohibition, or at least compulsory wartime abstinence, without benefit of law. Blessings come like that, sometimes—like unexpected rain from heaven!

FLORIDA: When we reported on the Kansas City experiment, under which the ministers and liquor men of the city planned to get together and work out the liquor problem, we received a flood of letters from sceptical readers; they thought such an idea fantastic, to say the least. We wonder what they will think when we report now that much the same experiment is being tried out in Florida.

In Jacksonville, clergymen and liquor men sent their spokesmen to meet with a special Committee of the City Council: they agreed on specific reforms. We have no report yet upon whether or not those reforms worked out, but the ministers in Jacksonville seemed sure they would work out, before they went into the experiment. They were "not content merely to harangue their congregations about the liquor evil."

They have something in that statement. Haranguing will never beat Barleycorn. But we're still doubtful of any good coming out of cooperation with the liquor men. If Jacksonville and Kansas City succeed in this cooperation, we will gladly eat our words.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 10

Bus to Berlin

EVERY TIME I take the bus in the morning I think, "I'm going home!"

Going home—by way of Berlin.

Not for the fun of it, but because that is the way we all must go.

Tom's on his way, too—he's going by way of Iceland, and Ireland, and Casablanca.

And I'm on my way, too—by way of Elm Avenue, and Main Street, and the Boulevard, to Gate 10 every morning.

For my job in a war plant, and Tom's job in the war itself, are just different parts of the same journey.

It's the long way to go, but it's the only way.

For home, you know, isn't just a place and a roof.

It's love, and security, and freedom from fear and want and drudgery, and freedom itself!

So I don't count the miles any more, I just count the stops—on the way to Berlin and Tokio.

Because the roads to Berlin all lead home again!

NOT ALL of our progress on the road that leads to Berlin and Tokio, and back home again, can be measured in terms of miles

or military objectives—though these are the payoff.

The performance of a single worker in a war industry, or the discovery of a single scientist, is real progress.

Or the production of a single company. General Electric produced a billion dollars' worth of war products in 1942!

Or new problems solved—research in electronics, metallurgy, plastics, television, or incandescent and fluorescent lighting.

For these are things which will shorten the miles, and lengthen the distance between stops, for the boys who are going to Berlin and back.

And they lead to job, and home, and freedom, and opportunity, in a better world tomorrow. General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The volume of General Electric war production is so high and the degree of secrecy required is so great that we can tell you little about it now. When it can be told completely we believe that the story of industry's developments during the war years will make one of the most fascinating chapters in the history of human progress.

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CHRISTIAN

Herald



JUNE 1943

A GLOBAL PEACE

OUR sons have not fought and died in a global war to win less than a global peace. If this be "globaloney" then God help us to make the most of it.

It is late, very late, but it is not too late. After Versailles we left the house of unity and went to the far country of isolation. We wasted the substance of freedom in selfish living and ate then the husks of disillusionment. Now we return but on the bleeding feet of our children. Surely if we repeat our folly, if having helped win another war, we withdraw from yet another peace, neither God nor posterity will forgive us.

They were false guides who told us that this was not our war, who delayed our defenses, whose counsels gave comfort to our enemies while they warned us against our friends. Now they return. They have broken a worthy silence and again they are false guides.

This war is not yet won and it could be lost. "United we stand—divided we fall" is as timely now as it was when first the fateful words were spoken. Any word that divides us, or makes for division among the United Nations is a word spoken for defeat, a word spoken for the Axis, a word spoken against America.

Those who would call us back to isolation after this war, those who oppose planning the peace while we are fighting this war are prophets of fear and captains of failure.



They would have us renounce the goal for which we have fought and surrender the fruits of victory for which our sons have died. Surely they know not what they do, for they are saboteurs of peace.

"BEAUTIFUL ISLE"

YEARS ago, "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" was sung and popularized throughout America by one of the most distinguished of all hymn leaders and composers—E. O. Excel. Certain directors of music took particular exception to the song. They said that it was too indefinite to be Christian and too sentimental to last. Great of body, as well as of soul, E. O. Excel roared in derision that it would outlast its critics. Well, Excel is gone long since. He was promoted to the heavenly choir but his "Beautiful Isle" is still sung just about everywhere.

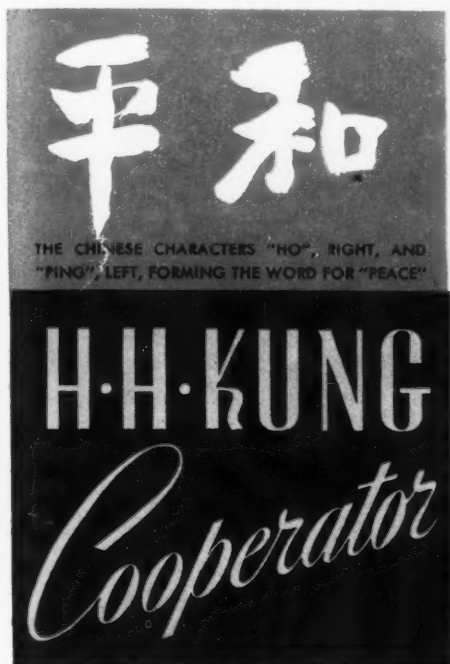
Some weeks ago, Major Lemuel Edward Day, the most beloved surgeon of the American forces battling in the mud of New Guinea, died of heart failure. His end came after weeks of incessant toil during which his frame was reduced to a skeleton and his hair turned white. Speaking of the funeral, a war correspondent wrote, "In the spotted light and shade of the creeper-hung Papuan jungle, Pop's old gramophone played 'Beautiful Isle.' It was his favorite song. Often he played it to cheer the wounded in the grass-roofed hospital. . . . At last the record came to a close. Then the body of Major Day was lowered into its grave."

Perhaps E. O. Excel led the heavenly choir that day. If he did, I know the song the angels sang.

Daniel A. Poling

EDITOR - IN - CHIEF

SAYS DR. KUNG: "LEADERS MUST BECOME SERVANTS. THE BIG COUNTRY MUST SERVE THE SMALL COUNTRY—THAT IS, THE BIG COUNTRY SHOULD BE A NURSE TO THE SMALL COUNTRY. IF THAT DOCTRINE IS ADOPTED, WE SHALL HAVE FRIENDSHIP, HARMONY AND PEACE."



North Gate, Peiping, by Cyrus Baldridge

By J. Henry Carpenter

HE ROAMED the good earth of China five hundred years before Jesus Christ roamed Galilee; he was known back there in B.C. as "Master Kung." We know him now by another name: Confucius, and we know that he had and still has more influence on more people than any other human being ever to live and move and have his being on our planet. At 20, Confucius was a "keeper of granaries and overseer of the public fields of Lu." Later he became a magistrate, and in the streets and courtyards his rare ability was a thing to talk about. Then he became teacher, teaching a

Code, teaching ethics, cooperation, understanding and the axiom that "When the harmony of nature is reproduced in the lives of men, the highest conditions have been reached." And then he died and his descendants down the years began paying tribute to him as a most worthy ancestor.

Now if you go today to embattled Chungking on the heights above the Yangtse, and walk the teeming streets, you will quite likely meet there the 75th son of Master Kung—a modern version of Master Kung known to China and abroad as H. H. Kung, financier extraordinary, money-magician, cooperator, Christian graduate of Oberlin and Yale,

student of Confucianism, symbol of modern China. He is a comfortable-looking sort of individual, appearing as little like a Chinese official as any man you'll meet from Peiping to Chungking. Short, stocky, bespectacled, professorial, jolly and dead serious by turns, he is known, respected and consulted by every Western diplomat and banker who has business in China.

When Anthony Eden presented H. H. Kung to King George VI in 1937, he presented him as "the Finance Minister who has reorganized his country's financial system, has paid his country's debts, balanced his government's budget and re-

formed China's currency, all in a hurry." Eden thinks a lot of Minister Kung. So do the courts and embassies of Europe, since that tour of 1937. Hitler had a session with the 75th Lineal Descendant that he will never forget. Hitler went all-out to cultivate Dr. Kung; he got him an honorary degree from one of his German colleges, and even gave him an autographed photograph, for which he thanked Hitler profusely. Then the Chinese Finance Minister proceeded to negotiate a fund of 100,000 reichsmarks from the pockets of Hitler's industrial barons to help Chinese students study in German universities. But when Der Fuehrer hinted that he would like to export machinery and other goods (at a good healthy profit) to China, the Minister said blandly, courteously, that China was interested only in commercial credits.

There you have the hardheaded modern (Western) banker, and the artful Glorious Descendant of the Sage, typically Chinese. That's what really amazes you about H. H. Kung: he is a perfect combination of the Old China and the New. In background he is Chinese, Eastern; in performance he is modern, Christian, Western. He is not so much a contradiction as a combination—a combination of human virtues, ideas and activities that will bear close watching when this war is over.

He is sixty-three years old, but to follow him around as he goes about his day's work would lead you to think he was twenty-three. He is up at six. He sees anyone and everyone who wants to see him—which is rather disturbing to Madame Kung (Ai-Ling, of the Soong family, and sister to Madame Chiang Kai-shek), who never knows when to put a meal on the table. She scolds, but her husband smiles blandly: "If people take time to come to see me and wait in the reception room, they must have a good reason for it. They may have suggestions or information for the good of the country. Besides, some of them come from distant provinces, and they hold responsible positions. Even if some of them ask favors I can't grant, the least I can do is to see them." And see them he does.

He always has three to ten guests for lunch; he insists that those who call late in the morning stay for the noonday meal. He attends almost religiously the numberless organizations of which he is either president, director or just plain member. He reads everything, avidly: newspapers, magazines, books, detective stories! He haunts his radio, in his "off" hours, for good music and world news. He is one of the most powerful men in China because he is one of the most hard-working and best-informed.

I managed to get a few minutes with him in his huge Chungking office; there was the usual crowd waiting in the reception room, but he settled down to just talk with me as though we had a year to do so. But he wasted no words. When I asked him just what he thought of the

importance of China in the Asia of the future, he got right down to brass tacks. He said, swiftly:

"China is of the utmost importance. I say that not because I am Chinese, but because I am aware, as all the world is aware, that we have a tremendous contribution to make to the peace of the whole world. That is why we are promoting a society known as The Society For The Study and Promotion of Confucius' Teachings. We find that Confucius' Doctrine of Ta Tung meets the present-day need of the world, and it should be put into practice if we want to eliminate war in the future. Some peo-



Dr. H. H. Kung, symbol of modern China



ple think we are idealistic—but ideals inspire action!

"The teaching of Our Sage is that the leaders must become servants. The big country must serve the small country—that is, the big country should be a nurse to the small country. If that doctrine is adopted, we shall have friendship, harmony, peace." That would be cooperation!

It came over me that this idea of

leaders "being a servant" came to him not just down the line of lineal descent from his ancestor Confucius—but out of those long years at Oberlin, out of his years in Christian America, which made him a Christian. But I hardly had time to think about that, for he rushed on. He leaped up out of his chair and went over to take up brush and paper from his desk.



Scenes at a Chinese Industrial Cooperative exhibit which has both commercial and educational aspects. Left: Dr. and Madame Kung and Madame Chiang Kai-shek, left to right, are absorbed in one of the exhibits. Top: Chinese students attend to study new methods. Below: A showing of laboratory equipment and medical supplies

"Let me write for you the Chinese characters for 'Peace.' That word in Chinese is represented by two characters: 'Ho' and 'Ping.' (See illustration, page 13.—Ed.) Ho means harmony, kindness, an even temper. This word is composed of two parts; the left part means "grain" and the right represents "mouth." It means that when people are provided with food, there will be harmony in society."

(I thought, instinctively, "This is the B. C. Master Kung, the overseer of the public fields of Lu, the one who talked

about harmony in nature and the lives of men. . . ." But how applicable to our day, for the economic problem of the nations is a major reason for war!)

"The second character, Ping, means even and balanced. The middle line is the pendulum. If you want to have balance the pendulum must not swing to the left or to the right, but must be kept exactly in the middle. The cross line is the bar which measures the level. The dots are equal and with the pendulum in the middle the scales are exactly balanced. Thus, balance means no fight between capital and labor or between one

race and another—you must be 'on the level' with each other. You combine harmony and balance to get peace."

Dr. Kung speaks out of his experience when he speaks of harmony between capital and labor. Look him up in the Chinese "Who's Who," and you will find out that he has done more than a little mediating between capital and labor; an industrialist, he has fought for the welfare of the laboring class. He has fought for education for the masses, for roads to save them from famine. And he has fought for the employment of foreign capital and foreign ability—which ties in with his desire for harmony between one race and another. Fighting for China, he has won the friendship of foreign statesmen and industrialists; it was this man who came to the United States to win loans of \$1,500,000 in railroad equipment for a railway-building program in China under which he planned to add 1,000 miles of track per year, and later to get a cool 500 million more to bolster China's slipping currency. Dr. Kung is intensely interested in closer relations between the United States and China.

"It is significant," he told me, "that the ocean which lies between China and America is called 'Pacific.' America has the same spirit as China. Our basic philosophy calls for peace and mutual helpfulness. Your attitude toward the Philippine Islands, as compared with the attitude of some other great powers toward their colonial possessions, is a fine example. Why did the soldiers of the Philippines fight side by side with American soldiers? Why did it take so long for the Japanese to conquer those islands? It was because the Filipino so deeply appreciated the American sense of fair play and justice.

"We Chinese believe in fair play and justice. We are happy to cooperate with the nation which traditionally stands for these principles. America, we know, is unselfish. She is taxing herself to the limit to win this war, not only for herself but for the other peoples of the world—and we like that!

"For neither are we Chinese fighting for ourselves alone. We are fighting for democracy and world peace. I am putting my hope in the belief that the economic ideal as it is enunciated in the Atlantic Charter may be realized, so that this will truly be the last war. Instead of destruction, we need to promote production. Instead of the extreme inequalities of either capitalistic or labor domination, we need a condition of things under which both will work for the welfare of all, under which all shall have work to do and enough to eat. Then and then only shall we have peace! I want to point out the importance of cooperatives in all this. . . ."

Cooperatives! I knew he would get around to that. For H. H. Kung was one of those first interested in and the president of that now world-famous experi-

(Continued on page 55)



THE BOY . . .

the underprivileged boy is the concern of the Community Coordinating Councils, Inc., one of the most effective movements ever set on foot in this country to combat juvenile delinquency—to fight crime where it starts. Its national headquarters is in Los Angeles. The tremendous force of the movement lies in the fact that it is not just another organization for reform and uplift, but that it acts to bring together those organizations, already established, in a concerted battle against child crime.

THE BOY... *the Council and the Church*

By SARAH COMSTOCK

AUGUST VOLLMER was the originator of the idea. Years ago, Mr. Vollmer was Chief of Police of Berkeley, California, and at that time he was doing pioneer work in linking the police department with social service. He maintained that "It's better to keep a boy out of trouble beforehand than to arrest him after he's got in." Calling in the Assistant Superintendent of Schools and the Chief of the Health Department, he sprung his idea. In substance, it was this:

Agencies were not working together. Suppose Jimmy Brown is apprehended for juvenile delinquency. He is lectured in school, dosed by the Health Department, perhaps at last arrested by the police. He is handled in sections. The result is that the work overlaps in one

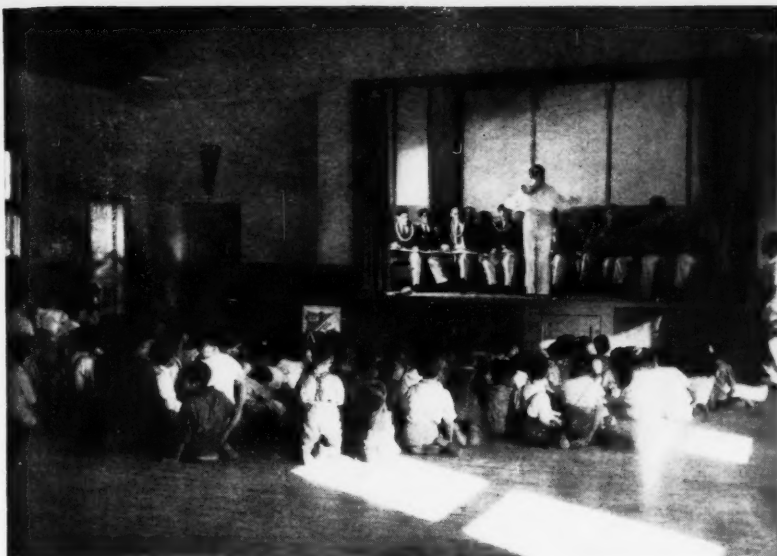
spot and fails entirely in another. If police, school and doctor got together and tackled Jimmy Brown as a whole something would probably be accomplished.

Mr. Vollmer and the others set to work to pool their efforts. In a short time other agencies were joining. The idea spread to other cities in the state, it cropped up in other states from coast to coast. Councils under various names sprang up in large cities, in suburban towns, country towns, even in ranching districts. Agencies for every sort of betterment took to banding together. For years they had been multiplying separately and confusion had abounded;

meanwhile 200,000 children appeared yearly in our juvenile courts. Now, some sort of order was beginning to emerge from the chaos, and the results were causing one community after another to sit up and take notice.

A survey made by the American Legion reported 598 such councils in 24 states. Youngsters by the thousands are being gathered up and kept so busy that they have no time to get into trouble. Those whose pet pastimes had been smashing windows, beating up each other or firing bricks at people's heads, now are playing games, swimming, hiking.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 16



and that he didn't like a boy who did such things.

Taking over a gang as it stands and organizing it into a team or club has proved one of the most successful methods of steering delinquents and potential delinquents in the right direction.

In the field of vacation schools the churches have been especially successful. The Los Angeles headquarters of Coordinating Councils, Inc., has assisted communities everywhere to start the work. This central office has given information and stimulated interest in church vacation schools throughout the county. Local coordinating councils pitch in to help wherever a church lends itself to the task. The result is that the number of such schools has increased in three years from 114 to 455, and the registration from 19,045 to 55,276.

With the change to war conditions, the stress is shifting to meet emergency needs. A Congregational minister who heads a council in San Diego county, California, has opened in his church a nursery school for the children of mothers engaged in war work. Another church in the same county is putting on a social affair every week for young people, to distract boys from the pool halls they haunt in wartime's homelessness.

"Say, look at the boat I built!" shouts Butt Higgins, rushing forth from one of these vacation schools, flourishing aloft a sailboat model carefully and correctly executed. The sails have taken him time to perfect; his hands were more adept at stealing vegetables from market trucks; but now they are learning new skills. And is he proud!

"Aw, I'd ruther make an airplane!" grumbles the husky voice of young Bill Fretch. His plane is only begun, but it's going to be a fine ship when it's done. Under skilled instructors, these boys and thousands of others are learning lessons that will last them through life—lessons both in mechanics and in square dealing.

The astonishing record of various activities functioning in Los Angeles County's 75 Coordinating Councils mounts to 2,219 at the last survey, and has grown since then. Among the leading ones are: employment bureaus, church vacation schools, housing and slum clearance, and the establishing of young married people's groups in churches. The last-named has been strongly encouraged by the Councils. It is thought that ministers are the ones to instruct their young men and women in marriage and parenthood.

The church, say the Councils, is best fitted to be the social and recreational center for the youth of its community, whether in the city or the country, for it has at least partial equipment. The way coordination works is illustrated in the case of a certain school principal who had a group of boys on the verge of delinquency. It occurred to him that basketball might help straighten them out, for they had no decent fun. But his school was without a gymnasium. The



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In centers where Community Coordinating Councils operate, juvenile courts do little business. Underprivileged boys are kept so busy in diverse activities that they feel no urge to smash windows, steal fruit and otherwise get themselves involved with the police. To August Vollmer, left, goes the credit for the conception of the movement. Slum sections with a high foreign population are hotbeds of juvenile delinquency. Above, an orchestra entertains young Mexicans in Los Angeles—a Council activity

nating movement that is making over so many communities. Indeed, they rank as one of its strongest elements.

For today churches enter into the daily lives of their people. Toughy Dill, gang leader in a certain town, had dodged every overture of the church in his home district.

"Say, that Sun'ay School teacher, he wants to git us to sing hymns," he warned his followers. "Don't you take no stock in that stuff."

But when that same church joined with the probation officer, the health department and the playground director, and formed a Coordinating Council in the town, a change of heart came to Toughy Dill. He changed his tune.

"Say," he began, addressing his gang with some embarrassment, "that Sun'ay School teacher he ast me would we all come out to the new baseball field. What-yuh know—they've got a reg'lar champ to show us how to play!"

It was true—a professional player who happened to be in town had offered the Council his services to coach any boys who cared for lessons. Toughy and his gang went in a body, and before the season was over they were organized into an invincible team. What was better, they had not smashed any windows or stolen from trucks all summer. For one thing, they now had a better amusement; for another, it was dawning upon them that a "reg'lar feller" like their hero, the baseball player, didn't smash or steal,

Boxing, baseball, gymnasiums, story hours, camping, tennis, clubs, parties, warm lunches and new clothes are making the world over for the boys and girls who had nothing.

The agencies which coordinate are of every kind: juvenile courts, Scouts, park and health departments, psychiatric clinics, schools, playgrounds, libraries, parent-teachers' associations, Y.M.C.A., social service clubs, and dozens of others. Representatives are sent to council meetings to discuss from every angle the needs of individuals or of an entire district. As soon as the problem is clarified the agencies best fitted to meet it are chosen; they take action.

The movement was barely under way when the Church began to show an interest in it. Mr. Vollmer and the others, whose shoulders were at the wheel, welcomed it cordially, and from that time on churches in growing numbers have been active participants in the coordi-

church had one; could he use it?

He approached the minister. "If these boys are permitted to play basketball in your church gym, I'll make myself responsible that no harm shall be done," he promised.

"Are the boys members of the church?" asked the minister.

"Only two of them."

The minister paused thoughtfully. Then, "Maybe some more of them will be later on," he said. "And whether they ever belong to this church or some other, or to none at all, they'll be the better for a good game. Go ahead, and good luck to you!"

That combined effort of church and school was the start of what is now a strong Coordinating Council in that town.

Dr. Howard Patrick McConnell, minister of the First Christian Church in Santa Monica, California, says that until he joined forces with the Council he had

getting-together is the way in which all denominations join, forgetting differences.

One day at a Council luncheon he found himself sitting opposite the Catholic priest.

"Do you happen to have a basketball team at your parochial school?" Dr. McConnell inquired.

"We have, and there isn't a finer team in the state," declared the priest.

"Our team will take you on any time," responded the minister. "And we'll lick you."

The game was played, and Dr. McConnell frankly admits that the team of his church was the one that took the licking. "But," he adds, "out of the game came a relationship that we could not have gotten in any other way."

In Los Angeles, in one of the city's blackest districts, stood a deserted church. For seven years it had been out of use. As the district had many tough

a mission to fulfill." The whole community mourned when, only a short time ago, it burned down. But they feel that its mission truly *was* fulfilled, in the new life it opened to them.

In a Mexican quarter of the same city the Council faced the problem of dealing with youngsters not only tough but foreign as well. It was no easy matter to reach them. A church vacation school was established, and, as the Mexicans take instinctively to music, a call was sent out for volunteers among them to form a string orchestra. They rushed forward, delighted, and now the orchestra gives concerts that are thronged by young and old of the neighborhood.

In centers where the Councils operate, juvenile courts do little business. Los Angeles County reduced the number of its juvenile court wards, exclusive of transient cases, from 3991 to 2688 in three years. In Portland, Oregon, delinquency fell off fifty percent among groups served by Councils. Many other cities and towns in different parts of the country can show similar improvement.

The method of community coordination takes various forms, following various models, but the fundamental principle is the same. Summed up, it is the banding together of every betterment agency to work for the good of the community. Better homes, jobs for the unemployed and plenty of wholesome play to develop boys and girls into tomorrow's worthwhile citizens.

In the large cities we find such groups as the Neighborhood Councils of Washington, D.C., where the church activities are especially strong. The nation's capital stresses summer outings and a swimming pool. In Negro alleys zealous story tellers sit on soap boxes during vacation time, among ragged pickaninnies who won't be tempted to delinquency while absorbed in Jack the Giant Killer.

The councils of Portland, Oregon, straightened out a gang of twenty-two young shoplifters, who were brought before the Juvenile Court. The churches, Scouts, Y.M.C.A. and the Parent Teachers' Association joined the probation officers, investigated the homes of these boys, helped their parents who needed work, gave the boys a baseball set-up, rushed them into hikes, camps, and good times in general.

In rural districts we find such examples as that of Antelope Valley in California's desert. The council borrowed a few hundred dollars from the merchants of the little town, laid out a recreation center, and developed an attendance of ten thousand a year. Desert ranchers and their families drive in from miles around to the parties and the swimming pool. Another type of rural council is that of Alexandria, Ohio; it has pulled together churches, schools, the sociology department of Ohio State University, and other groups to make that small spot on the map a better place to live.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 18



Keeping children in crowded tenement districts amused and happy is the function of the Coordinating Councils. Here is the Toy Loan, one of the numerous activities of the Los Angeles Council

no idea of the work for community betterment that was being done outside the church in his own town, and that when he reported these to the Ministers' Association of Santa Monica he found them likewise ignorant. It didn't take them long, however, to acquaint themselves with what was going on. They found that the Juvenile Department of the police force was dealing with boys and girls in trouble in so understanding a way that they went forth from court to make a fresh start.

"It's high time churches took a hand in this game of community betterment," was the substance of the ministers' conclusion. Not only did they take a hand, but so vigorously that their work in Santa Monica is outstanding. Dr. McConnell has been made president of the city's Coordinating Council, thus putting the Church into leadership. He finds that one of the happiest outcomes of the whole

boys, the church had been battered, its windows broken, its plaster cracked. But the building itself was sound, and an idea struck the local Council.

"That church may still meet the needs of the community if it takes a fresh start as a recreational center," someone said.

Consent was obtained to make it over into a social center. The Council met and one organization promised to make over the auditorium into a gymnasium and basketball court. Another would outfit a craft shop in the rear room. Women's groups started a girls' club in the parsonage.

Mr. Kenyon J. Scudder, one of the leaders in the Council movement, spoke for the old church when he said, "It fills a great need in the community. Instead of running with street gangs and dodging cops, 5,000 boys are now in attendance at the center every thirty days. The old church has been born again. It still has



PRESS ASSN. PHOTO

First Lady of the World

BACK in 1880, a Chinese cabin-boy on the U.S.S. Revenue Cutter *Schuyler Colfax* accepted an invitation to go to church in Wilmington, Delaware, went, got converted, studied for the ministry and was sent back to China as a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South. He was Charles J. Soong. He married a Miss Ni and they had six children—one of whom was Mei-ling Soong, better known today as Madame Chiang Kai-shek. This daughter of the cabin-boy on the *Colfax* may be this generation's leading Christian. At least, judging from her popularity around the globe, she is earning her right to be called "First Lady of the World."

Mei-ling was sent to Georgia by her Christian parents for a Christian education; at Wesleyan College (Macon, Ga.) she was sergeant-at-arms in her class and cheer leader, and she lived in the home of Dr. W. N. Ainsworth, preacher-president.

PAGE 19 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

She spent her plastic years in that Methodist parsonage, before she went on to graduate from Wellesley. She loves Macon, deeply.

Graduated, she went back to her mother in China. Of that mother she recently said, in "Confession of Faith:"

"As long as Mother lived I had a feeling that whatever I did, or failed to do, Mother would pray me through. Though she insisted she was not our intercessor, that we must pray ourselves, yet I know for a certainty that many of her long hours of prayer were spent interceding for us.

"One day I was talking with her about the imminent Japanese menace, and I suddenly cried out in irritable intensity of feeling, 'Mother, you're so powerful in prayer. Why don't you pray that God will annihilate Japan—by an earthquake or something?'

"She turned her face away for a time. Then looking gravely at me she said,

Mme. Chiang Kai-shek

"When you pray, or expect me to pray, don't insult God's intelligence by asking Him to do something which would be unworthy even of you, a mortal!"

"That made a deep impression on me. And today I can pray for the Japanese people, knowing that there must be many who, like Kagawa, suffer because of what their country is doing to China.

"... I used to pray that God would do this or that. Now I pray only that God will make His will known to me. God speaks to me in prayer. Prayer is not self-hypnotism. It is more than meditation. The Buddhist priests spend days in meditating. In meditation the source of strength is in one's self. But when one prays he goes to a source of strength greater than his own. I wait to feel His leading, and the guidance means certainty.

"In the feudal time of the Three Kingdoms, there was an old general named Ts'ao Ts'ao. Once upon a time he was going on a long march. His soldiers were weary, thirsty, discouraged. He said to them, 'From my horse I can see a beautiful garden, full of luscious plums.' Their mouths watered, new strength and courage came to them. But for how long? The plum garden did not materialize, and the soldiers were more weary than before. That to me is like meditation. There is a buoyancy of



spirit for a time. It may help when there is no oasis in sight. But when I am spiritually thirsty, I do not think of plum gardens—I go to the fountain of living water.

"... With me, religion is a very simple thing. It means to try with all your heart and strength and mind to do the will of God."

That simple belief and that amazing courage in Madame Chiang is what has made her First Lady of the World. It has seen her through six years of war in China, through battle, plague, devastation, horror, death. She still believes. She still puts her trust in God and Christ. She showed the world a brand of courage as yet unpracticed by most of

(Continued on page 58)



Clark Poling, Reformed (Dutch)



John P. Washington, Roman Catholic



George L. Fox, Methodist



Alexander Goode, Jewish



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LOST? WHO SAYS THAT? WE WHO GIVE OUR PITTANCE OF COIN OR FOOD FOR "VICTORY"? WE WHO SPEAK OF THIS PRECIOUS DEMOCRACY, THESE FOUR FREEDOMS, THE INALIENABLE RIGHTS OF MAN? DARE WE SAY "LOST"? OR SHALL WE STAND IN THE PRESENCE OF THIS AMAZING THING AS THE BELOVED JOHN AND MOTHER MARY STOOD AT CALVARY, WITH THE SAME SILENCES ROLLING IN OUR SOULS, WITH THE SAME VOICES FROM ON HIGH?

THEY went aboard the troopship in the still watches of the night. There was no shouting, no bon voyage laughter or song, no band playing. Like an endless olive-drab river they flowed in through the street-gate, down the long dock to the gangways and the great gaping doorways in the side of the ghostly ship. In they went, glancing back now and then over their shoulders at the lights of the city, looking up sharply at the sound of a tug-boat whistle, man after man after man, endlessly, quiet as the fog that drifted in over them and their ship, a fog that sat on little cat-feet and watched them in silent wonder. Down, down into the bowels of the ship, to slip off their packs and sit down on the floor and brush an olive-drab sleeve across their foreheads and say to one another in the dark, "Well, this is it."

In a dim cabin somewhere in the officers' quarters, four chaplains were talking. They were four strong men from the ends of the earth, as far apart theologically as the poles are apart. Yet among them ran that silver cord of the Spirit which binds true men of God together in that spiritual camaraderie which only they and God can ever understand.

They were men of different creeds. Four of them. And young! George L. Fox, Methodist, was the oldest and he was only 43; in World War I he was

of them as merely that. These were the men who led them in prayer. These were the selectees of God sent there to make God's voice louder than Mar's. They brought no sectarian dogma, teaching or creed; they brought the silver cord that makes one all the children of God.

A day, two days, three—who knows?—they ministered on their way to the war. And then it came. A periscope came to the surface, slowed down, twisted, turned, stood still as the eye of a snake. Between periscope and ship slid the torpedo. Why did not God stop it? God, good reader, had nothing to do with the torpedo; this was hell's business, engineered of men who put faith not in God but guns. It struck—and panic swept the decks.

Life-rafts went overboard; men slid down the ropes; men jumped. The chaplains went about, quieting the men. There were fewer, fewer, fewer men on the decks, and quiet slowly took over from clamor. From nowhere four young soldiers came, looking helplessly over the rail. They could not jump; somehow, in the panic, they had lost their life-belts! They had no chance for survival now, and they knew it.

Daniel O'Keefe, able seaman, says he saw it. He saw the four beltless soldiers; he saw the four chaplains stop them, talk to them, and then deliberately take

ing as the Christ who might have found a physical survival in Gethsemane and refused it. The four may have prayed, "Let this cup pass from me," yet when the moment came they took the cup as He took it. And because they did that, four boys will some day come back from this horror to settle down again in four little towns in Texas or New York or maybe Idaho and live forever in the shadow of a golden cloud out of which will come a still small voice whispering, "You live because they were lost." Or they may say with Barabbas, "That's my cross he's on!"

Lost? Who says that? We who give our pittance of coin or food for "Victory"? We who speak of this precious democracy, these Four Freedoms, the inalienable rights of man? Dare we say "lost"? Or shall we stand in the presence of this amazing thing as the Beloved John and Mother Mary stood at Calvary, with the same silences rolling in our souls, with the same voices from on high?

They asked no questions. They asked not, "Are you a member of the Reformed Church?" Or, "Do you happen to be a Jew?" Not they. Poles apart theologically, yes, yet in them somehow, as in little Bethlehem, are caught up the hopes and fears of all the years. And in them is the meaning, the goal, the faith in the world to be, that burns like a torch in the hearts of a free world struggling through global blood-mists up to God.

If they had lived, they would have been great ministers. They would have served great churches. But churches, after all, are human. They are organizations, weapons in the hand of God, instruments, and The Four would have used them as instruments, no more. But think now of how they serve, without waiting for that. Think of a Congregation spanning time and all the ages, and you have it. Their parish is the world. They serve one Church, and one alone, the Church Christ wants upon this earth. In that wild moment on the deck they swept away

those senseless barriers between "the churches" that make us merely, pitifully "denominational." They knew no creed here but the universal creed of faith unrationed, the common property of all men who believe, the mystic union which exists between Christ and the children of God whether they worship in Protestant meeting houses, Catholic cathedrals or Jewish synagogues. They hurled back across the tossing North Atlantic the seeds of that Church—the Church that must come, and soon.

And they did more. They gave the final lie to *lebensraum*. They have destroyed the concept of the master race. What must the Nazi think of them? What must think those who hate the Jew and imprison the Lutheran Niemöller and shoot the priest? What must the bigot think, challenged by men to whom forms

(Continued on page 62)

E SILVER CORD



cited for valor, and in a Vermont parsonage his children played with the medal he got back there in '17—the Order of the Purple Heart. Alexander Goode was Rabbi of Congregation Beth Israel of York, Pa., and he was 32. Father John P. Washington had lately been priest of St. Stephens Roman Catholic Church at Arlington, N. J. And there was Chaplain Poling, Clark Poling—son of Dan—pastor of the First Reformed Church of Schenectady, N. Y.—aged 32, with cap at jaunty angle and laughter at the corners of an eternally smiling mouth and a solid soldier jaw. Thirty two!

They shook hands and had a joke or two and then they went about their Father's business among their men of war. They were Methodist, Reformed, Roman Catholic, Jew—but not one in a hundred of the men aboard ever thought

off the belts that would have given them survival, and adjust the belts on the olive-drab shoulders. Then when there was no other living soul to help, the four chaplains knelt together in prayer. The life-rafts drifted away, and left them there.

Look at them there, all ye who are saying that Jesus Christ is dead! Look at them, ye who are asking so bitterly, "Mankind is being crucified—and where is God?" Look at them, and lift your faces and lay hold upon the silver cord and know that hope did not die on Calvary, that there are still among us, as leaven from heaven, men made in the mold of the Christ.

There will be those who will shake their heads and say it is so needless, that it is even foolishness. Foolishness? Aye—this is the foolishness of the Cross. Needless? Yes—as needless and as soul-shak-

*I wish
I could
tell you*

IN TWO PARTS—
PART ONE

Illustrator
HENRY LUHRS

I WISH I were the kind of a man who could speak easily and fluently of the things that were on his mind. If I were, I'd have a talk with the woman who used to be Victoria Warren.

This is what I'd say:

The first time I ever saw you, Victoria, was in 1907. I was replanting corn. I stood upright for a moment to rest my back, and there you were, driving past in a little cart drawn by a spotted pony. You were wearing a white dress and a funny turnip-shaped hat with blue ribbons on it. Very different clothes from the dark gingham worn by my sisters. It was no wonder I stared at you.

I was eleven, and you were eight. When you saw me standing there, a sturdy little figure in blue overalls and a faded shirt, and with my face streaked with dust and perspiration, you smiled at me. Your eyes were bright with interest—here, at last, was a child, one near your own age. It must have been pretty lonesome for you, living with a cross old lady for your only companion. You probably would have stopped and talked, had my father not spoken to me just then.

I did not know then, and I do not know now where I got the courage to do what I did. I lifted your hand to my lips, held it tightly there for a long, still moment



By Loula Grace Erdman

"Get to work, Eric," he said in Swedish. "It is not good for the ones from the Big House to see you standing idle."

So that's who you were.

"My grandniece, Victoria Warren," old Miss Letitia Warren had told Father when he rented the land from her. "She lives with me. She's accustomed to going about the place freely, and is not to be molested in any way."

Father had assured her, in his broken English, that the little girl would be perfectly safe. Only, it didn't sound broken to me. It was the only way I had ever heard anyone speak. I spoke pretty much that way myself. I suppose I still would, except for you.

It was funny the way we were, there in Missouri. We just didn't belong. In Minnesota, where we had come from, there had been many Swedish families, but out here, we were alone. There were Germans in Missouri, and they were Germans. There were Irish, and they were Irish, too. But we were foreigners.

I can't remember that we minded too much. We were very busy, every member of the family, taking care of the land your Aunt Letitia rented to us. In fact, the old lady said testily that she had rented it to us because there were enough of us to pitch in and make it pay. It was strange that later on that

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 22

was the very thing which would lead to her bitter hatred for us.

Naturally I didn't know about the scene you had had with her over inviting us children to your birthday party. Not one of the family had ever been inside the Big House, save Father, and he got no farther than the kitchen because his feet were muddy. He came away saying that the strongest thing about the old lady was her temper, but we didn't mind that, as long as she rented us the land. We could keep away from her, and she likely wouldn't come bothering us if we minded our own business. We certainly had no idea that we would be asked up to a party.

Karl and Ingeborg and I were all invited, but there were no shoes for the others, so it was decided to let me do the honors for the family. Mother ironed my shirt and pressed my trousers, and we found some blacking for the shoes. It was meant for the stove, and had a funny smell—a fact of which I was unaware until some little girl, fingers holding tightly to her button of a nose, told me. My shock of yellow hair was entirely beyond my mother's barbering skill, but it had never occurred to any of us to go to town for such ministrations. For all of which I cared not a hoot, for I was going to a party.

I don't suppose there was a soul, unless it was your Aunt Letitia, who suspected that Missouri was at the tag end of an era then. Before this time it had been a piece of transported Southland. People had come up from the South and built homes much like the ones they had left, so that all up and down the Missouri River one could see white-pillared houses with sweeping lawns and great trees. You and your aunt lived in one. It even had slave quarters in the rear. Her father, your great-grandfather, had

built it before the War. No wonder she felt as she did about it.

It was to this house that I went, straight from the rent shack in back of the place. I like to think that I had a sort of courage, to have stuck that party out. Children do not mean to be cruel, but their frankness has something of savagery in it. My hair cut—or lack of it—the peculiar, pungent odor rising from my newly blacked shoes, the fact that I wore no coat and bore no gift—all these furnished amusement of the keenest, and least subtle, kind. It was as if, for the first time, I was realizing the gulf that lay between me and the others—these little girls in the pretty summer dresses, and the young gentlemen with their town hair cuts, and well-fitting shoes, and store suits. They were a different race, and a different world.

I stayed to the very end of that party, and after it was over, marched home with the bundle of cakes you had insisted upon sending to Karl and Ingeborg. I handed the sweets to them, and turned to my father.

"I am going to school next year," I told him, in English. Vaguely in me something was stirring—ambition, pride, a smarting sense of inequality. Something of the old world respect for, and faith in the learned man.

Father had probably meant to send me anyway, but he, too, seemed to sense that this was no ordinary request. For he answered me in English—brokenly, but nevertheless in English.

"Yes—" he said, "you shall go—"

There wasn't much to be said for that country school, which I went to, come fall. You didn't go there, choosing to ride, instead, the four miles to town and staying there with friends when the weather was bad. I came to know those friends of yours rather well, but not in

the way you did. I delivered butter and eggs and things to the back doors. My English was getting better, but there was still a lot for me to learn. While I waited outside, I could hear the colored women in the kitchens calling up to the front of the houses.

"That Swede boy is here with some stuff!"

It wasn't strange that I didn't come to thinking of myself as an American.

No, there wasn't so much to that country school, but it finally promoted me to high school. You were off at a girls' boarding school the year I entered Merryton High. It was a place called Lindenwood. One of the first things I did, years later, when I went to Jefferson Barracks, was to go out to St. Charles and see the place for myself. It sort of helped bring you back to me.

I shouldn't have been as surprised as I was to see you enrolling in Merryton the year you and I were seniors. Anyone could tell that things were not going so well with Aunt Letitia. It cost a lot to keep up the Big House, and pay for your schooling. She managed the place poorly, so I suspect the only sure income she had was from the part we rented. Her temper got worse daily, so Father never went near her unless he was sent for.

Well, as if it were yesterday I can remember the day you first came to school. I was a great hulk of a man, twenty years old, standing head and shoulders above my classmates. By that time I had learned to speak English pretty well—not as you did, but about as well as the others in school. I played a little football—not much, for I was needed at home after school, and on Saturdays. I got along well enough in my studies, too, for I was older than most of the others, and serious about what I was doing. Already I had learned that the race was not always to the man who could plow straightest, but often to the one who could figure best. Because I had been able to put it before my father like that, I had gained his reluctant consent to remain in school.

Then one morning I looked up from my desk, and there you were. You had on a thing called a middy blouse—white, with a blue collar stitched in white braid. To this day I think there is no style for a young girl lovely as that.

You were smiling down on me, and I looked up into your eyes. They were as blue as the middy collar. The first time I had ever seen you came back to me—I remembered that you had worn a white dress then, and blue ribbons, and had smiled at me as you passed. Uncoiling my great height, I struggled to my feet.

"I like you to wear blue," I blurted out. And I could feel the blush that spread from my toe nails to the roots of my hair.

"Thank you," you said. "You're Eric Larsen, aren't you?"



The first time I ever saw you, Victoria, was in 1907. I was replanting corn. I stood upright for a moment to rest my back, and there you were, driving past in a little cart drawn by a spotted pony

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And that's the way it started.

I suppose there remains in a man's mind one picture, always clear, always lovely—that of the first time he fell in love. It came to me that winter in Merryton High, and I have only to close my eyes now to recall the least little detail of it, although it has been twenty-five years ago, and I am supposed to be a man more concerned with the price of hogs and corn than with such things.

I did not ask, or expect, anything more than just the privilege of being near you. You were in all my classes, and I had only to raise my eyes from my book to see you. If you smiled at me, it was an occasion; if you spoke, it was an event. I would no sooner have spoken to you first than I would have defied a teacher; I would have blasphemed in church before I would have asked for permission to walk beside you. It was at your invitation I walked with you the first time.

You were a block ahead of me, walking so slowly that, unless I took a side street, I would overtake you. While I hesitated, you turned and saw me loitering behind you. You stopped and waited for me. You said,

"Hello, Eric," once I was up with you.

I was crimson with embarrassment, with delight, with all those terrific emotions peculiar to a young man in my frame of mind.

"Hello, Miss Warren," I stammered.

"I'm Victoria to my friends," you told me.

I said it after you, "Victoria—" thinking then, as I think now, that never was a lovelier name given to a woman.

So we walked on to school together, talking—or rather, you talking and I listening—about our classes, and how warm it was for September, and what the chances were for winning the football game next Saturday. We said nothing about the difference that lay between the rent shack which was home to me and the great white house you shared with Aunt Letitia. We walked together as equals, and even stopped to talk together a moment at the door of the school.

After that, things were easier. I could speak your name without stammering—I could even get out an intelligent sentence now and then. Football helped. I was a great, hulking ox of a fellow, older by several years than the other boys, and toughened by a man's labor. There was no effort to speak of in my playing—I felt a little embarrassed that I should receive such acclaim. But I was grateful, too, for it gave me entry into an inner circle of the high school, the circle you moved in, and it meant that I could see you more.

There was a literary society in high school, The Pericleans. We met every two weeks, on Friday night. A great many fine words swept out of the mouths of those Pericleans, across the bare stage, into the barer auditorium. It certainly wasn't my ability as a speaker

that got me into that group—it was the football game I won against Hartley. Yet, once in, I was supposed to do my part with some sort of an oration.

I must confess the prospect filled me with terror. I chose a speech, struggled with it as I milked, or plowed, or went about my farm chores.

Strangely enough once I made the start, speaking was not so difficult. I memorized the speeches before I got up, and knowing exactly what I meant to say gave me confidence. A great many of the boys were none too sure of their voices, were fearful of unexpected squeaks showing up at the wrong time. But I had a man's voice, deep and firm. More than that—it was as if all the eloquence

and important, thundered out in my deep man's voice.

I saw you sitting out in the audience, well on the front of your seat. Nothing mattered but that I do well for you, make you proud of me. I untangled the great height of me, planted myself on the stage, began. The wonder of having you there listening to me took hold of me.

"Once to every man and nation," I began.

That hush that is the tribute of a listening audience came over the room. I felt it, gloried in it.

"Comes the moment to decide," I thundered across the stage.

They were listening to me, the last one of them. To me, Eric Larsen, son of a tenant farmer. A boy who had never had a town hair-cut until he started to high school—whose suit came from a mail-order house. Eric Larsen, who delivered things to people's back doors. Eric Larsen—me! Your eyes were wide and blue and deep, fixed on me. It was to you alone I spoke; I minded not a whit about the others. The glory of it carried me through, made me accept with a certain ease and poise the congratulations of the others, gave me the courage to walk up to you and ask, easily enough, "May I see you home, Victoria?"

You were staying with old Mrs. Albright, instead of riding back and forth, now that winter had set in. She was of an age with Aunt Letitia, and lived in a gloomy old house on Ash Street. If either of us thought of her at all when we came to the iron gate at the steps of her dark old house, I'm sure it was only to think that she had long since gone to bed.

We stopped at the front steps of the porch. Too many times I had delivered eggs to the back door to approach lightly the front one, even with you. It was a lovely night, warm for January, with a full moon shining. It shed a queer unreal light over everything. I felt as if you and I were actors in a dream. I think you felt it too, for this was the first time we had ever been together except for passing, casual conversation.

We stood there talking a moment—mostly of the program, and your praise was sweet in my ears. And then you said you'd better go in, for it was getting late. You extended your hand, and I took it.

It was the first time I had ever held a girl's hand. A small thing, surely, to raise such a storm in my heart. I could feel your little fingers fluttering in my great paw, but you did not withdraw them.

I did not know then, and I do not know now, where I got the courage to do what I did. I lifted your hand to my lips, held it tightly there for a long, still moment. I believe I was more frightened than you, once I realized what I had done, for I turned and ran off, without even bidding you good night.

(To be concluded)

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 24

Send Christian Herald to the BOYS IN THE SERVICE

THE thousands of copies of *Christian Herald* sent by our readers to chaplains in Army, Navy and Marine Corps are finding an enthusiastic audience among the men on every front. (The women in service are enjoying them, too.)

Help the chaplain help the boys! You can send one or more one-year subscriptions for one dollar—half price!—each. Send your request to Circulation Manager, *Christian Herald*, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York City. He will select the chaplain and forward the copies promptly.

I so much wanted to put into my talks with you crystallized in those speeches I made while you sat listening to me. I combed the books for great poems, for samples of noble prose. Many times since I have thought of that old Periclean Society, and have blessed it in my heart. For it gave me an appreciation of beauty—it was, more truly than high school itself, the thing that educated me. I could not tell you what was going on in my heart that winter, but I could speak of all the noble things the books discussed—charity and loyalty and love and courage. I grew a little drunk with power every time I got up to speak and saw that I was holding my audience.

It was in January that it happened. That was when we gave our Big Program—the one we asked visitors in to. I chose my piece without much knowing what it meant, liking the swing of the lines, the sound of the words. They fitted my voice well—they sounded fine



PRESS ASSOCIATION

THIS MONTH'S STATEMENT COMES FROM

BRANCH RICKEY

Big Leaguer

SO STRONG a believer am I against the use of alcoholic liquor that I have come to believe that the only safe way to be temperate about it is not to use it at all. I have known a lot of men who, so far as I know, have never been hurt by their use of strong drink. But I have never known a man who was helped by it. It certainly has no place in the life of any athlete, and that includes professional baseball players. Physical fitness and alcohol don't mix. I personally know of two pennants that were lost, as I view it, because one fellow on the club drank a bit, and then associated with someone with whom he would not have associated if he had not been drinking. This happened two different years in a major league.

Drinking is usually not as bad as what follows it. I don't like hypocrites and I don't like pretenders; I like people who are natural and who act natural. But this thing called "drink" removes what I call justifiable inhibitions so quickly in many men, or does something to them that causes them to think in unaccustomed directions and do things they would not do if they were not drinking.

The Eighteenth Amendment was thought to be a good idea when it was adopted by most temperance people, but I think it resulted most disastrously to the temperance cause. The job must start all over again. It may best be done, I think, by way of local option. I think I could not vote for national prohibition, but I would certainly support the process of local option, in units as large as, say, the county. And perhaps I could find good reason for enlarging the unit to the state if there were assurance that the elections would be held more or less frequently. I am much afraid that most temperance folks will not regard me as an orthodox believer in temperance. If so, I can only say that I believe the educational process, slow and more abiding, is better than the "law" process or the "force" process.

They speak for **TEMPERANCE**

This is the fourth of a series of statements on the liquor question written for *Christian Herald* by twelve outstanding leaders. The opinions expressed are not necessarily those of *Christian Herald*.

Mr. Rickey, Manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers, is shown above with Carl Hubbell of the Giants. Edgar G. Brand is at the microphone

By FRANK
HOWARD
RICHARDSON, M.D.

MARTHA BRADLEY came in to my office the other day for counsel. Martha has always been popular with both boys and girls, and this popularity has not suffered a bit because of her insistence upon maintaining the standards she had set up in her church and in her Christian home. She has always expected to marry, when the right man came along; but he would have to be the right man, and not just a man who wanted a wife.

Now Martha tells me that she is seriously considering marrying one of the soldiers in the neighboring camp. I have known her since she was a child, and she wants my advice about this most important step. Martha is a modern girl, but there is one point on which she is very old-fashioned. She wants her marriage to *stick*. And she asks me how she can be sure that this marriage will be one of the kind that lasts.

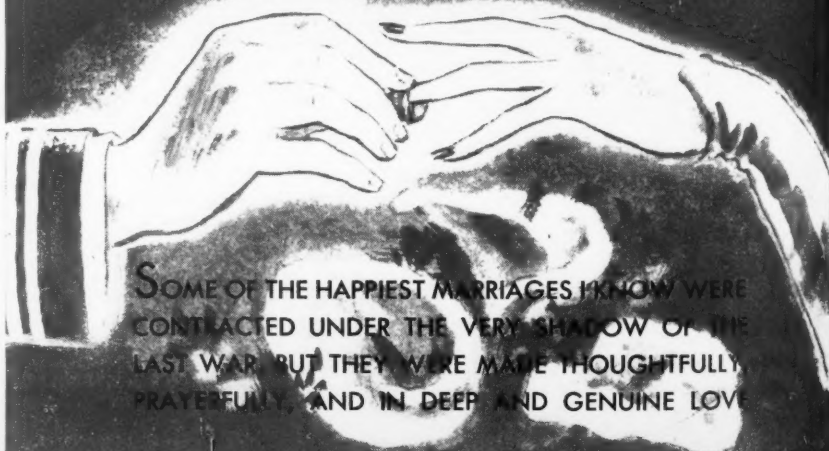
My answer to Martha may help some other girls who are facing the same serious decision today. It may assist them to make an intelligent decision, one offering hope of a permanent marriage. There are many things Martha, and any girl similarly situated, ought to know about a man before she decides whether she should marry him or not. For while it is possible for her to make herself a better wife by taking thought to her own shortcomings, the chances are that she will not be able to make much improvement in her husband. She had better go into marriage with eyes wide open to her fiancé's potentialities as a desirable husband.

Here are the eight questions I told Martha that any girl brought up in a Christian home and with Christian ideals ought to answer about the man she is going with, before she allows acquaintance to deepen into love. The fact that he is a Service man does not exempt him from this sensible scrutiny, but rather makes it more necessary. For the exultation that goes with wartime hysteria, and the feeling that we owe everything to the boys who are giving their all to our country, sometimes play strange pranks with even the most level-headed among us. So—here are your eight questions:

I. How does he regard marriage—as just a civil contract, or as one of the sacraments of the Church? Many people nowadays consider it merely a partnership to be entered into casually and ter-



TO MARRY or Not to Marry



SOME OF THE HAPPIEST MARRIAGES I KNOW WERE CONTRACTED UNDER THE VERY SHADOW OF THE LAST WAR, BUT THEY WERE MADE THOUGHTFULLY, PRAYERFULLY, AND IN DEEP AND GENUINE LOVE.

minated freely at either party's will. To such folks the fact that a wedding takes place in church just adds to its picturesque, like flowers and music and appropriate clothes. But young people who enter marriage with a consciousness that it is a holy estate blessed by the Guest of the feast at Cana are not likely to terminate it lightly or thoughtlessly.

II. What is his idea of how he and Martha should conduct themselves after they have been married, and he has gone on to another camp or to foreign service? What does he think about a married soldier who "dates"? Does he believe that a man in the Service should take care to let it be known that he is married, whenever he enters into a social occasion? If he considers such frankness in rather bad taste; if he laughs about married men who "date" single girls, if he thinks that "everything goes in wartime"; then he may not be quite so

IV. What does Martha know about his religious life? Of course she will know whether he is Protestant, Catholic or Jew, and will realize that marrying outside these broad lines of religious belief puts an enormous unnecessary strain upon a relationship difficult to maintain at best, and especially so under the trying circumstances attending a wartime marriage. But more than this is involved. Does he make an effort to attend church and prayer meetings when he is near a city or town, or does he attend the services conducted by the chaplain, when he cannot get away from camp? The girl brought up in a Christian home where church activities loom large may find it exceedingly difficult to adjust herself after the war to a husband who neither knows nor cares about such matters.

V. What is his stand on the question of liquor? There is a good deal of loose muddled thinking on this subject today. Many people feel that it is no longer a matter of Christian living to abstain from the use of alcohol; that everyone now drinks in moderation, and that it is a mark of "fanaticism" or of a hopeless lagging behind the times to still believe that a Christian has no right to indulge in intoxicants. Still more confused is the thinking that would permit the Christian to drink "harmless" beer and wine, in the mistaken notion that the amount of alcohol they contain is too small to do any damage. If a soldier thinks it is all right to use liquor in the army, he certainly will continue to use it after he gets out of the army. Martha knows she could not be happy married to a drinking man; she'd better find out in advance whether she is engaging herself to one.

VI. What are his opinions on subjects connected with the support and maintenance of a family—money, saving, investing, insurance, spending? It is far more important, as it is far more difficult, to discover these facts about the soldier or the sailor than it is about the man planning marriage in civilian life. The peacetime bridegroom is expected by society, and especially by the girl and her family, to have a financial nest-egg, a steady job with possibilities for advancement, a fixed habit of saving and an insurance program, before he asks for a girl's hand in marriage. The Service man is freed from these necessities in the eyes of too many unthinking people. Uncle Sam has waved a magic wand, and it is unpatriotic to consider finances at such a time! Martha knows, however, that wars do not last forever. What will the financial status of the new family be at war's end?

VII. What kind of men does he associate with? To be sure, the choice of friends may seem limited in the army company or the navy ship; but there is always a choice. He may make friends of men who stand well with their officers and who are respected and liked by their fellows, or he may consort with fellows who are always in trouble, "up on charges," serving on punishment details.

A little judicious observation will make it easily possible for Martha to learn from which group the man in whom she is interested picks his associates. She need hardly hope that he will exercise a wiser choice when civil life follows his discharge from the Service.

VIII. Can Martha expect a wartime marriage to be a permanently successful union? Or are the chances too heavily weighted against it? Are her parents right when they say that the glamor of a uniform and the thought that she is giving herself to a defender of her country are blinding her to essentials, or is she justified in believing that her head as well as her heart can guide her?

If a girl knows a man well enough to have been willing to marry him in peacetime, after learning all the things we have been discussing, then her marriage has a good chance of succeeding. If, however, she marries him on the spur of the moment, carried away by sentiments that will not bear sober inspection, she is taking greater risks with God's divine ordinance than are justified, and she need not be surprised if she comes to grief later on.

It would be silly to blink the fact that there are added hazards in the period immediately following demobilization. As Dr. Mildred Morgan of Asheville College puts it, "There are distinct perils in wartime marriages, such as the early and long separation before common interests have been discovered, and mutual habits and traditions established. In Canada divorces mounted 600 percent in the two years following the last war, over those of the two years preceding it. And many soldiers and sailors are discovering that army and navy life turn them against home living and unfit them temporarily for a settled life."

I told Martha, and I believe I should warn every other girl who is seriously and sensibly debating the wisdom of making a wartime marriage, that more severe testing times are ahead than would come to a marriage made in more normal times. But it is also true that *any* marriage, no matter how auspiciously commenced, is certainly bound to be subjected to strains potent enough to wreck it if it is not founded on true love, Christian character, and sound common sense.

Some of the happiest marriages I know were contracted under the very shadow of the last war, and grew immeasurably stronger during the hectic post-war years. But they were made thoughtfully, prayerfully and in deep and genuine love; and they were tended as carefully and as prayerfully during the months of separation as during the sometimes equally trying times of life together. And children cemented their union.

If Martha is not sure of herself, by all means let her wait. If she is sure, then by all means let them go forward toward a finer, higher life together, no matter what sort of difficult times may be ahead of them.

Eight Questions for the Bride



desirable a marriage risk as he seems. Unless he believes that "forsaking all others" is quite an important part of the wedding ceremony, she had better go a little slow.

III. What about petting? How much importance has he—and she too, for that matter—placed upon petting in the ripening of their acquaintance into love? To what extent will the success of this contemplated marriage hinge upon the necessary, but by no means exclusively essential, factor of sex? If they don't know, they'd better find out! Many a man or girl with an excellent petting technique will turn out to be a hopeless flop when unaided by the physical glamor which electrified a rather ordinary personality. Sex attraction must persist throughout life, if a marriage is to be happy; but there will be many long stretches when it cannot be relied upon to help—and certainly one such stretch will be his absence overseas. It is wise indeed to find out beforehand just how essential sex is to mutual enjoyment and appreciation.

ONE afternoon, after school, Jerry and Bruno, his dog, went skylarking up the trail to have a visit with the Woodcarver.

As Jerry neared the gate to his friend's enclosure, he paused to listen, in puzzled astonishment. Never before, to his knowledge, had the peaceful silence of that place been disturbed by any sound more discordant than a bird song or the murmur of the stream. He had often thought the wind in the arching tree tops, mingled with the ripple and splash of the little falls, scarce eight feet in height, as the waters of the woodland brook cascaded over a ledge and fell into the pond below, was like the muted music of some far-off organ. Now a rasping buzz vibrated through the woods and set his teeth on edge.

"What in the world can the Carver be doing?" he wondered. "Thought he was all for quiet and peace." He let nosing Bruno through the gate, and followed the path to the cabin, sniffing the air. Instead of the usual sweet scent of the deep woods with its fern and leaf-mold, there was a sharp, resinous odor of new-cut pine.

Jerry came to the shore of the pond—and there was no pond. He stared unbelievably, feeling lost, amazed. Where Windover had lain, glimmering in the sunlight, reflecting the trees like a mirror, or rippling with breeze-swept wavelets, with stately water-fowl swimming



After the water gate was lowered, Nancy, perched on the log dam, watched Jerry and Uncle Nathan talking earnestly



Nancy OF DEERWANDER FARM

Illustrator HENRY LUHRS

By AGNES BARDEN DUSTEN
[PART SIX]

and diving, or feeding among the sedges and water plants along the shore, with here and there a bright fish to be seen in the clear water, there was now but a wide, muddy area of pond bottom, with a few stagnant pools. Down through the center of this mud flowed a stream scarcely too wide to be leaped across. Lily pads and aquatic plants were withered and limp; a few ducks dabbled in the pools; the pair of Canada geese, with clipped wings to prevent flight, honked disconsolately; and these were all that were left of that bright and rare flock

which it had taken Jonathan Crag years to gather about him.

Slowly the cause of this desolation seeped into Jerry's bewildered mind. The water-gate in the mossy dam, built to store up water for a time of drought, was open, and had drained the pond. The old creaking mill-wheel was turning. Someone had partially repaired and was operating the long-disused saw-mill.

Through the open door of the mill he could see the rusty old perpendicular saw, tended by two men, ripping a pine log into boards. A great hulk of a man,

with hay-colored hair sticking up through holes in a disreputable felt hat, was indolently cutting slash in the clearing with a bush scythe.

"Who opened the old mill?" Jerry asked him.

The man leaned on his scythe. "Where'd you come from that you don't know the Big Boss o' Deerwander?" answered the man good-naturedly, seemingly glad of any excuse to stop work. "If Joel Mead says to git a totterin' old ruin to work, why, to work she goes!"

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 28



Jerry's feet seemed weighted with lead as he drew near to the familiar cabin. The door was shut. "Russ is gone," Jerry considered. "The Carver only takes him along when he goes on a long trip. This must be the week he was going to speak at a conservation meeting in Washington. What a home-coming this will be!" He sat down on the circular seat built around the giant oak, and Bruno came and flopped down at his feet.

Motionless, Jerry stared straight be-

fore him, his hands clenched, a brooding look of anger making his black eyes somber. Everyone would know that this was persecution of Jonathan Crag—spite work. The thought pained Jerry, for he had always been rather proud of his forceful step-father, believing that his sharp practices and decisive ways were necessary in successful business. But to ruin a man's home—and such a man as the Woodcarver!

There came to Jerry's mind words and acts of Joel Mead's which he had paid little attention to at the time. Something

must be wrong, he decided, when such men as the Woodcarver, Uncle Nathan and Doctor Wilkins were opposed to Joel Mead and all his works.

It was not a pleasant half hour that Jerry spent before the silent cabin, and there was something of thoughtful determination in his sober face that overlaid the old boyish, carefree good-nature as he roused himself and said whimsically to Bruno,

"Come on, old scout. Looks like we got a nice, blind, thorny trail before us. Let's get going."

As he walked slowly homeward Jerry resolved to bring no one else into trouble by asking help in the project he had in mind. He was sure his mother knew as little of the business of the Mead Colony as he did himself, and nothing of the spite work at Windover. He considered that, after all, he and his mother were owners of the property left them by his father, and Joel Mead was really their agent. To have any open breach with his step-father would cause friction and unhappiness in the home; and this it would be best to avoid, if possible, for his mother's sake. Openly to defy his step-father, or to plead with him, Jerry knew would be useless. But the cruelty of the blow struck at his friend stiffened Jerry's backbone to right the injustice without delay.

Jerry and his mother were alone at supper, for Joel Mead had business in Clarendon and had said he would be late home that evening.

"Mother," Jerry began, as they sat at the supper table, "you know you and dad said I could have that second-hand motorcycle of Joe Haley's. But there's something else I'd rather have and it wouldn't cost anything, really, either."

"I thought you couldn't exist another day without that motorcycle," his mother sighed. "You made fuss enough about it." She was a gray-haired, angular woman, a little stooped, very neat in her black and white gingham and a slave to her immaculate house. "What is this other thing you want now?" she asked patiently.

"Well, you see, Mother, we school boys like to get off together, for hikes, you know, or fishing, and we ought to have a camp where we can cook our dinners and mess around—"

"A mess it would be!"

"But far off," Jerry hastened to add. "You remember father owned an old ruin of a saw-mill up by Windover Pond. Give it to me for a camp. I'll swap the motorcycle for it, and then you can have that new refrigerator you wanted, couldn't you?"

"Why, I guess so, though money isn't very plentiful this fall. But about the old mill . . . I don't know . . . I'll have to ask Joel—"

"He hasn't anything to do about it," Jerry asserted with such crisp decision that Mrs. Mead looked at her tall son in mild surprise. "You needn't bother to

speaking to him about it, either, for I'll talk with him tomorrow. But it's all right with you if I have it, mother?"

"Why, yes, for all I care."

In the early evening Jerry let himself quietly out of the house, and retraced his steps to the home of Jonathan Crag.

As he drew near the old log dam at the end of the little valley, he saw two dark forms standing silently on the shore of the pond—Nancy and Uncle Nathan.

"I kind of thought you would happen around here sooner or later," Uncle Nathan stated calmly. "Suppose we sit down and talk this over."

"Let's talk after we shut down the water gate," Jerry proposed in a matter-of-fact tone. "You know more about how it works than I do."

"Well, if you say so," the old man agreed readily. "That's easy enough—no trick at all."

After the gate was lowered, Nancy, perched on the log dam, watched the two talking earnestly.

"I'll spike enough planks on tomorrow so it'll stay down," she heard Jerry prom-

ise. "Now we can tackle that other job."

In great contentment, Nancy followed into the old mill, holding the flashlight while the clumsy saw was unbolted. It was lugged away to be hidden deep in the moonlit woods.

"Now I don't believe your step-father will care to make any fuss about this," Uncle Nathan said cheerfully. "He likely won't want to have your mother know too much about the particulars, as Jonathan Crag was always a great friend of the Meads."

Jerry was getting ready for school the following morning, when he heard a commotion in the yard and from his open window saw the man from the old mill talking excitedly. His step-father stood bareheaded in the thin November sunshine, staring at the hulking figure in worn blue jeans and scarecrow hat as if the man had taken leave of his senses.

"Sam, you've been drinking again!" Jerry heard his step-father exclaim in disgust.

"It sure is so, as I'm tellin' you," Sam insisted. "The saw's clean gone. And

there's no water over the wheel at all. Don't I know; I saw it with my own eyes."

Joel Mead looked narrowly at the man and knew that he had blurted out the sober truth. He stood thinking for a long minute, stroking his shaven jaw with one long-fingered, nervous hand. "So Crag has spoken his piece, has he?" he said at length, and Jerry heard the definite satisfaction in his musing tone. "Destroying private property! That's a prison offense, and we must see that the law takes its proper course. Go back to the mill, Sam. I'll be up right after breakfast."

Jerry bolted his toast and eggs, desperately trying to summon courage to say the things that must be said. If just then he could have wiped out his work of the night before he would have gladly done so. He felt sick with fear of Joel's wrath. Then he recalled the spite work at Windover, and yesterday's picture of desolation steadied him. And Joel Mead would gladly jail a man like the Woodcarver!

Unwittingly his mother helped Jerry. "What do you boys want to fix your old mill up with, Jerry? I can let you have some dishes."

"What's that?" Joel Mead demanded sharply.

Jerry knew the time had come. "Mother and I," he gulped desperately, "We—kind of swapped, last night." His voice steadied as he thought of the Woodcarver. "She gave me her share in the old sawmill up on Windover that father left us, for the promised motorcycle. I think she got the best of the trade."

"The old mill! What nonsense is this?"

"Why, Joel, you don't think the boys will get hurt—using that old ruin for a camp?" Mrs. Mead was staring at her husband in startled anxiety.

Jerry pushed back his chair noisily. "Don't you worry, Mother. We boys will make it perfectly safe." He went around to pat her shoulder. "I began fixing it up last night. And the camp is right near Jonathan Crag's place, you know, and you can ask him to keep an eye on us. He'd do anything for you, he was such a friend of father's. 'Bye, I'm off for school."

Joel Mead was on his feet, his face like a thunder cloud. "Stop that palaver and tell me what this means!" he shouted.

Jerry straightened and there was something in his level glance that halted his step-father's further speech. "You explain it all to mother," he said quietly, and unhurriedly left the room.

As he saddled Lady, the boy stroked her satin-smooth neck as the little mare nuzzled his pockets for sugar. "Gee-whillikins! I'm glad that's over! How I hate a fuss!" he exclaimed. "But it'll all blow over, and the Woodcarver won't

(Continued on page 52)

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 30



Jerry and the Woodcarver joined the fire fighters in the smoky glare. They fought with blankets and burlap sacks soaked in the nearby brook

THE HUMAN COMEDY

By Norman Vincent Peale



Ulysses, called "Useless" by his pals, steals the picture and your heart. He is boyhood to perfection: impish—and divine!



A brand new Mickey Rooney appears in "Human Comedy." He helps poor alcoholic Willie (Frank Morgan) live—and die



Two boys en route to war sit under a big gun and talk of God and home and of what they'll do when it's all over. One boy prays—and the Still Small Voice comes louder than the clack-clack of the wheels

I DON'T shed tears easily, especially over a movie. But I wept over this one, almost from start to finish. Without any reservations whatever, I hereby dub "The Human Comedy" the tallest milestone in the American motion picture art, an epic portrayal of everything we hold dear in this America.

It is basic. This is life. American family life. It is as American as Tom Sawyer, the Lincoln Memorial, the Boy Scouts and the *Emporia Gazette* rolled into one. The plot? There isn't any, strictly speaking, any more than there is a plot to your family. This is a town and a family anywhere, everywhere in America. There is the courthouse, the public library, and the Presbyterian Church on Main Street. There is drama in the village street, fun and tragedy in the telegraph office, worship in the church.

There is a six-year-old youngster (Jack Jenkins) who steals the picture, and who will steal your heart; the scene in which his mother (Fay Bainter) talks to him (*Continued on page 55*)



Through the strings of her harp, mother explains to Ulysses that his father is not dead but away, with God. The two girls listen, closely; their soldier-sweethearts are away.



Movie artistry reaches a new high in this scene on the troop-train. The boys sing a song they learned in Sunday School; it means everything now: it is the old Gospel hymn, "Leaning On The Everlasting Arms."

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The chaplains in this war are "right up there." Above, Chaplain De Loss Marken has set up headquarters in a camouflaged truck. Between the truck and the hill and on the hill are the German lines



Chaplain (Major) Dan Poling, and Chaplain (Col.) Roy Parker, Senior Chaplain, North African Area

GOD'S LIFE-LINE

An Interview With Dan Poling

BY FRANK S. MEAD

Dan Poling, just home from the North African front, tells of two life-lines. One is man-made—white tape laid through the minefields. The other is the work of God: the living line of chaplains who see the boys through the inferno of war.

INTERVIEWING Dan Poling these days isn't a matter of sitting down and taking notes; it's a case of trying to keep up with him as he paces up and down, rushes from one room to another. For he's intense and disturbed. Disturbed in several directions at once. Disturbed over things he's seen and heard in England and North Africa and over other things he says must happen in England and North Africa and wherever our men are in action.

The pacing stopped abruptly yesterday when we got to talking of death in the desert.

"Rommel has a land-mine that's the most devilish thing any war-mad genius ever thought of," he cried. "The Nazis bury it as they retreat; it takes a pressure of only thirty pounds—a man's foot or one wheel of a jeep—to set it off. It comes up out of the ground before it explodes; goes off at four to six feet above the surface, spreading a shower of shrap-

nel and twisted, jagged metal over a radius of 150 yards—any hit within that radius may be fatal.

"When the Americans move up to clear those minefields, they don't clear out all the mines at once; they clear a twelve-foot path, and mark it off with white tape. They tell you to stay inside the tapes, and you'll be safe. When I went out one afternoon along the front toward divisional headquarters an M.P. said to me, 'It's pretty dangerous up there. Watch your step. Just get your hand on the tape and follow it, and you'll get through.'"

He got through. Sudden death waited around every corner, out in every open space. The sound of gunfire, the vicious red spitting of the guns was everywhere. Land-mines under foot, tanks rumbling to right and left, Messerschmitts overhead—this was war's din, hell's harmony, Dante's Inferno—red, hideous, deadly—re-created at the hand of warring man.

And moving through this hell go the boys—your boys. Boys from Oklahoma, Maine and California. Infantrymen, engineers, tankmen, "medicos," and airmen afoot. Privates, corporals, correspond-

ents, and chaplains. You can always tell a chaplain: he wears a white cross on his helmet. That's so that when the chaplain looks down at a boy on a stretcher, the first thing that boy sees is the cross.

"The chaplains," says Dan Poling, "are links in God's life-line. The men follow them—and they get through. These links in God's life-line are everywhere; wherever the battle flows, there goes the chaplain. He doesn't stay behind, he goes out with the first line of attack. He's up where 'the hardware' is flying—and the boys follow him and put their faith in him just as I put mine in that white line through the minefields.

"I had the unique experience of accompanying Senior Chaplain Colonel Roy Parker on his first tour of inspection along the line. Chaplain Parker, 27 years in the service, is a 'career man' and by all tests the man for the place.

"There's a chaplain out there by the name of Marken, DeLoss Marken, a Disciples minister from Des Moines. I knew Dr. Marken in Christian Endeavor years ago; we are longtime friends. The fellows fighting out there tell me they

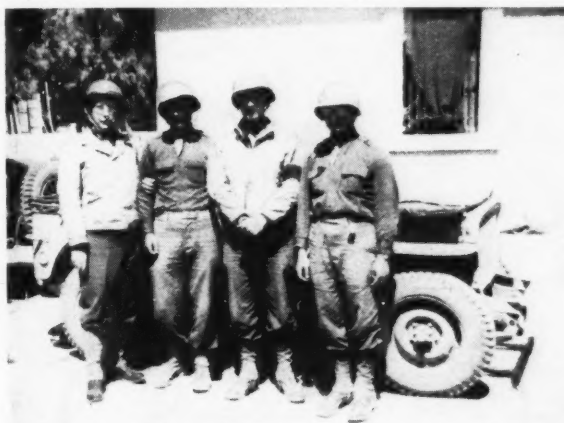
CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 32



Left to right, Chaplains Marken, Poling, Parker, and Marcen R. Hall



Chaplain Poling takes cover in a foxhole, with just room enough to "duck."



Four links in God's life-line: left to right, Senior Chaplain Roy Parker; Chaplains Richard H. Chase, Christian Scientist; James E. MacEvoy, Roman Catholic; Earl S. Stone, Jewish

can't lose sight of him; he sticks up like a sore thumb. I was standing with him when he got orders from the major to 'move up at the head of the column.' That meant they were attacking; the men in his division were to take an enemy stronghold in the granite hills, six miles ahead. And he went just as he would go over to his church, in Des Moines. The major looked at him and then looked at me and said, 'That fellow hasn't a habit, but he's all man.' The major knew whereof he spoke, for in an earlier attack, Chaplain Marken had been in front; he had been told to get whatever shelter he could in his foxhole. But the fellow who

We talked of ships and kings and weather; we talked of our children, and when we got around inevitably to talking about chaplains, General Roosevelt said, 'Say, do you know Chase? Yes? Then you know a fool. That Chase! We were fully exposed when the Germans began their advance. They got our range and began to pepper us with everything they had; we had to get out in a hurry, take cover in the fields and foxholes, when the dive bombers came. I thought I had everything under control when I looked down the road, and what did I see? Here comes that fool Chase in a jeep; he had two flat tires and his engine was sputtering like a 1910 Ford, and the shells were dropping



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Clearing a twelve-foot lane through the minefields left by the retreating Germans. The lane is marked off by strips of white tape, laid here by British Eighth Army engineers who taught the Americans how to do it

dug the foxhole for Marken that day was wasting his time; the chaplain had work to do hunting out the wounded, giving encouragement, doing everything but the one thing he was forbidden to do, which was to fight. He hadn't a habit—he never smoked, nor drank nor swore—but he was 'all man.' He's typical. The boys who are doing the fighting know he's typical—and they believe in him.

"And there was Chase. Chaplain Richard H. Chase, of the 26th Infantry. I met an old friend on the Gafsa Road, Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. 'Young Teddy' of 1918 is hanging up a record in this war that would have filled his grand old father with pride.

all around him, digging big ugly holes in the road. He didn't seem to see them at all, or if he did he didn't care. Just kept driving. I went out and yelled at him, 'Get out of that thing and take cover.' He paid no more attention to me than he was paying to the Germans. I jumped up on his running-board and bellowed in his ear, 'Do you hear me? Get out of this thing and take cover!'

"I might as well have been shouting at the wind. He didn't even look up to see who it was yelling at him; just kept his head down and his foot on the gas. But he shouted, out of a corner of his mouth, 'Listen, you. It took me eight months to get this jeep, and I'm not giving it up for anybody.' Just like that. I was so mad I couldn't yell back. Then I looked in the rear of his jeep, and I saw two wounded men bouncing around. Yes, Chase is a fool. A magnificent fool!"

"The glint in Roosevelt's eyes betrayed him. He loved this chaplain who was making a fool of himself for Christ's sake—and man's. No wonder they decorated Chase for bravery—right on the field of battle, they decorated and promoted him. The men who know him say they would follow him anywhere—and they mean *anywhere*.

"I didn't hear of a single chaplain they didn't like. Mighty few chaplains have fallen down on their job. Ministers we thought might be 'too soft' for this business, clergymen who had been 'too sheltered', have risen to the heights. Often the fellows you'd least expect to come through have become heroes.

"The boys are for them. It makes no difference whatever, what church or denomination they come from; our old denominational lines have been blown sky-high in North Africa. I met one Negro chaplain at Casablanca who told me, 'I organized a Service Men's Christian League in this outfit, and two boys who had never been baptized came to me and said they wanted to be regular members of the League. I tried to tell them they could be associate members, since they didn't belong to any church, but it didn't go. They'd be full members, or else! And what did I do? I instructed them.

(Continued on page 58)

RECLAIMING OUR WASTED POWERS

DURING the last few months we have all been made alert to the issue of waste. Scrap piles are rising in every city. The emergency of war has made this great rich nation realize the value of the things we have been throwing away in peacetime. And the person who is not shocked and saddened by the wastefulness of war is suffering either from hardening of the heart or softening of the brain. Billions of dollars in bombs burying themselves in the earth, costly ships left lying at the bottom of the sea, and lives whose value no man can measure snuffed out by death—these forms of waste make us determined to win this war as soon as possible and in

SERMON

such a way that it will not happen again.

In the midst of this waste I wish to set the promise of God as given by the prophet Joel in the second chapter and twenty-fifth verse. Joel interprets God as saying to the Israelites: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten." To the people of Palestine that was a vivid figure. They had seen what a plague of locusts could do—trees stripped of their foliage, with their limbs standing bleak against the sky. The desolation wrought by a swarm of locusts was a symbol of what had happened to Israel. Their prosperity had been stripped away by the vicissitudes of invasion and exile. And now Joel hears God saying: "I will restore to you the years that the locust hath eaten."

DOES not that ancient figure stir visions of our own world? Do we not see in our mind's eye England's green and happy isle disfigured by the bleak ruins of Coventry? Poland with her charred cities? Stalingrad ground into a dust heap but at last bravely resisting? Despite the tragic waste of such wanton destruction, do we not thrill to the hope that some day soon we shall be workers together with God in restoring those places, in covering the scars of battle with the healing of nature?

Yet I wish these words of the prophet to be personal as well as public. God is a restorer of our own wasted years. Jesus once took a little child and set it in the midst of some grown-ups and said, "Except ye be converted and become as a little child ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven." That child revealed the wholeness of life as it comes from the Creator. And the Master wanted those grown-up men to look at the child and ask, "What has it that we have lost?" Well, let each of us look back at his own youth.

Is there someone who looks back at his childhood beliefs and hopes as did he who said:

"I remember, I remember
The fir trees, dark and high.
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky."

Yes, that childhood world of ours was small. Our ideas of God and heaven were childish. Yet maybe in growing up we have allowed that little world with the fir trees close against the sky to lose so much that we now have to say:



AND THE MASTER WANTED THOSE GROWN-UP MEN TO LOOK
AT THE CHILD AND ASK, "WHAT HAS IT THAT WE HAVE
LOST?" WELL, LET EACH OF US LOOK BACK AT HIS OWN YOUTH



By RALPH W. SOCKMAN

"But now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from heaven
Than when I was a boy."

Let us look at ourselves against the background of a warring wasteful world and ask what the locusts of the years have eaten out of our own lives? Then let us see ourselves in the midst of these scrap heaps which symbolize our nation's struggle to salvage its waste. Can we reclaim our wasted powers? Can we, with God's help, "restore the years that the locust hath eaten?"

TO MAKE our question concrete, may I refer to a book written in 1914, on the eve of the first World War. In that year Dr. Richard Cabot of Harvard wrote a book entitled "What Men Live By." He said that there are four essential functions by which men live. They are these: *work, play, love, and worship*. Let us take these four functions of life and see whether we are wasting them.

First, *work*. I think you will agree that work is essential to life. Human energies turn in on themselves destructively if they have nothing to work on. Deprived of work, people exhaust themselves like caged animals beating against the bars. To find one's work is to find a place in the world. It gives him courage. It is an anodyne to grief. It is a link with other comrades.

Despite the awful tragedy of this war there are millions of persons getting a thrill out of life which they did not get during the depression. They have something to do. Many women of my acquaintance remain in the city this summer, filled with the zest of these war-time activities. But these emergency activities will not last forever. Then will come the test of our working powers.

SOME years ago a leading doctor and a leading lawyer were returning on the same train from a vacation. They fell into conversation. Both admitted that they were trying to postpone the day of getting back into their routines. Both men found satisfaction in their work when once they were in it, but they found it hard to start in again. I think I understand their feeling. I am frank to say that the first sermon after my summer vacation is always the hardest one for me each year. Perhaps my experience is not yours. But we do know that after the last World War, multitudes of men found it difficult to settle down into their routine tasks of civil life. Will that happen again? To get back into the harness requires something of the grace of God, something of the spirit of Him who said: "Take my yoke upon you and learn of me for I am meek and lowly of heart."

Then, too, it takes the grace of God to endure the drudgery common to most tasks after we get back into the harness. Tchaikowsky, the composer, wrote that for long stretches of time he could produce nothing which he valued. Yet he went to his desk each day and forced himself to sit there, even though no inspiration came. Then suddenly and unexpectedly the musical impulses did come. Yet it was that loyalty to his job during the unproductive days which made possible his creative hours. Such drudgery however, demands the spirit expressed by St. Paul, "Be ye stedfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not vain in the Lord."

Moreover, even when we do hold ourselves to our work, it requires the grace of God to keep us going to the end of our productive years. It is hard to say when our creative work does stop. We think of Immanuel Kant, the philosopher, who wrote his monumental "Metaphysics of Ethics" at 74; of Goethe, the poet, writing his "Faust" at 80; of John Wesley who when past 80 was still preaching up and down England, saying with a smile, "It's time to live if I grow old." Who can say when our productive powers are exhausted? Yet our modern society has developed a cruel paradox. With our improved

have lengthened man's productive years. But with our improved machines we have shortened his period of employability. The deadline of industrial retirement is being ever lowered.

What are we to do with our working powers after we have passed the age of commercial employability? Many radio letters come to me from persons who are now on the shelf, and unable to help support the household wherein they live. But through the lines of many of those letters breathes a spirit of love which reveals that the writers are rendering a service beyond measure. To grow old gracefully, to bring the mellowness of ripened wisdom into the midst of growing nieces and nephews and grandchildren, to be a comrade who makes cheery the mornings before the active members of the household go forth to their work and to make home a haven to which they gladly return from their day's toil; to keep one's mind alert, one's temper sweet, one's sympathies broad, one's interests young—that is immeasurably creative work which many a noble soul keeps on doing through years of retirement and infirmity. But it takes the grace of God to keep doing it.

HAVE we the grace to get back into the harness of tame tasks when the excitement of this war is over, to endure the drudgery of routine, to keep on being creative when the world of business retires us? If so, then God "will restore the years that the locust hath eaten."

Let us turn now to the second function by which we live—*play*. Children take their play seriously. So must we. When the Master set that child in the midst of the grown-ups and bade them become child-like, I believe he was referring in part to the child's spirit of play. One of the mainsprings in our original equipment is the impulse to play.

This matter of play is important because it reveals character. If you wish to know the quality of a person, watch him in his off-hours when he is free to do what he likes to do. Just about the best way to measure a man's goodness is to note what he calls having a good time. And no person is saved in Christ's sense of the word until his tastes are so converted that he likes the wholesome things which Christ liked.

Furthermore, play recreates us as well as reveals us. That is, it should recreate us. But, alas, so much of what we call recreation does not re-create us. That is where the waste comes in. And that is the point we shall have to watch after the war. Those who are old enough to remember will recall that the last war was followed by what has been called the "Jazz Age." We speeded life up to such a tempo during the war that we could not slow down into simple wholesome pleasures when the excitement was over. So we developed dance marathons, million-dollar prize-fights, jitterbug contests and a lot of other bizarre, neurotic and erotic forms of entertainment too numerous and nauseating to mention. One of our columnists described our post-war tempo thus: "Whatever was slow wanted to be fast, whatever was poor wanted to be rich, (Continued on page 51)"



WE SHOULD LEARN HOW TO PLAY SO THAT OUR DIVERSIONS AND RECREATION WILL TRULY RE-CREATE OUR EXHAUSTED POWERS



Stubborn Child

By Dorothy Confield Fisher

THIS is the story of the great American heroine who did more than any other one person in our nation to push and pull and lift the country up from savagery in its care of the insane. As we remember with honor the name of George Washington for having led our forefathers into independence, let us remember the name of Dorothea Dix, who led us away from the mortal sin of neglecting our responsibility to the mentally sick.

She was born in 1802 into the hardships of frontier life in a wild unbroken wilderness, now Maine, then Massachusetts. Everything seemed against the little girl, first child of shiftless parents in a poor small struggling settlement of frontiersmen. Her father combined two singularly unattractive traits, drunkenness and religious fanaticism; her mother was sickly, ignorant, untrained, indifferent. By the time little Dorothea was six years old she was already a household drudge who never played, who was always toiling in dirt and poverty to help take care of younger children, to get meals, to wash clothes, to spin, to tend a sick mother, to stitch the religious tracts written by her father for sale. She herself was not strong of body, nor (as might have been expected) especially well-poised, sunny, agreeable, or easy-going in personality.

She had one strongly marked trait of

character; she was determined to do what she decided to do, no matter what obstacles she had to overcome. Grown-up people call a child with this trait "stubborn." For adults it is one of the most trying qualities a child can have. Yet, if in mature life it is directed toward some great purpose, it creates heroism. At twelve the little frontier girl, unkempt, uncouth, used her "stubbornness" to get herself out of the loveless miserable home where she was learning nothing and into the home of her father's fairly well-to-do mother in Boston. Old Madam Dix was not especially glad to have this waif on her hands, didn't like her very well and did not make her at all happy; but there, and in another kinswoman's home in Worcester, Massachusetts, the child, snatching avidly at what scraps of education were available to girls in 1814, learned enough in two years time to teach school.

The fourteen-year-old teacher was—why wouldn't she be?—severity itself, whipping and scolding and punishing her students with a zeal which modern psychologists would understand to be a result of her desperate effort to fend for herself. But her hapless little pupils learned their lessons, such as they were. The school was a success. After three years, her Boston grandmother took her

back, rather proud now of her self-willed grandchild, and for two years let her study and prepare herself more adequately for teaching. The girl—hardly more than a child still—worked with passionate nervous intensity to take advantage of this opportunity. At nineteen she opened another school and from then on she taught, studied, prayed, struggled with a rigorous conscience, burning herself up with a fierceness which left her at thirty-four a complete wreck, nervously and physically.

Or so it was thought by those about her. They did not know her. The same stubbornness which in the backwoods child of twelve had overcome the obstacles that stood between her and education, shook its dogged head, ground its teeth, obstinately would not let the frail worn-out woman give up. At thirty-four she had taught for almost twenty years. At thirty-five this taut-nerved, high-strung, exhausted invalid was exposed to a temptation traditionally a dangerous one, psychologically, for everybody, and supposed to be fatal to the personality of a neurotic. Her grandmother died and left her an income of about \$3,000 a year, ample for the needs of a spinster.

The psychologists and neurologists would, we take it from their books.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 36

prophecy with certainty that this complete removal of the stimulating need for effort would inevitably shut a solitary, nervous, not-very-much-loved invalid into self-centered introspective concentration on her own physical ills, real and imaginary. Yet it was at this point that the real life of our heroine began. From this dead center the innate power of soul of this sickly ex-school-teacher rose in austere majesty of selfless devotion to suffering humanity. She had never thought of the insane, had never come into contact with them, knew no more than any other respectable well-educated person about how they were treated.

Asked by a young student in the Harvard Divinity School to suggest some woman who might help him in giving Sunday School instruction to the women prisoners in the East Cambridge jail, Dorothea Dix told him that she herself would help him. He was alarmed at this idea because of her feeble health, and protested, "No, no!" he said earnestly. "By no means! It would be far too hard for you. You must not think of it." Her answer was, "I will be there next Sunday." Young Mr. Nichols was blown out of her way like a leaf in the wind, as were those hundreds of others who later tried to oppose her.

Inside the jail on that cold bleak Sunday morning in March, this sad, lonely, nervously ill woman found not only offenders against the law, but a number of insane people. Horrified to find that little provision was made for the necessities of life for these poor creatures, she asked the jailer sternly why there was no heat in the part of the jail where they lived. Never having heard of Miss Dix's record as a formidably efficient disciplinarian, the jailer made the casual answer, current in those days, that "lunatics do not feel the cold." He thought he had silenced the frail, genteel-looking Sunday School teacher. He did not know Dorothea Dix. Her stubbornness set its jaw hard. She was determined to overcome whatever obstacles stood in the way of getting decent treatment for the insane in that East Cambridge jail.

When she took to her bed at seventy-nine years of age the insane all over our country, all over the world, had been carried along by her stubbornness out of an oblivion of unmitigated suffering into the aroused consciences of civilized people everywhere. The East Cambridge jail, filthy, freezing nightmare of horror that it was, actually provided better care than most insane people of that period had. She found that jail to be only a loose end of one thread in a tangled skein of unimaginable human misery. As soon as Dorothea Dix laid her hand upon it, she became aware that it was a small part of a horror, close to her, all around her, of which she had never dreamed. Ten years before her birth a great French doctor, as part of the humane "gospel of freedom" of the French Revolution,

had ordered the chains taken from the insane in a Paris hospital, and decent treatment to be given to these mentally ill people. But the news of this revolutionary action had not reached far; nor was the principle readily accepted. For years after this in England and in the United States the insane were generally treated like wild beasts—oh no, far worse than wild beasts. The idea that they were victims of sickness, not of their own moral badness made its way very slowly.

Half a century later, by 1840, when Dorothea Dix made her first famous visit to the East Cambridge jail, a very few private hospitals for the mentally ill had been established in France, in England and in America. These were for the rich. The insane poor were wretched beyond

getting nowhere with the general public of ordinary tax-payers and politicians. Their gentlemanly voices could not be heard in the rattle and clangor of everyday living.

What was needed—they knew well enough what was needed—was a voice that could drown out street noises, that could arrest the attention of the busy or indifferent, that could force its message on people who considered that they had no especial reason for listening. To find out definitely what the facts were and then to get them before the public—it was a prodigious undertaking. The ailing, neurotic, not very amiable or attractive invalid tied her bonnet strings, straightened her great crinoline skirt, and set out.

Day by day she visited the poor-houses, jails, work-houses, barns, pig sties where the insane were tied or chained or held down by bars. Night by night she wrote down the shocking details—an idiot kept in a horse's stall for seventeen years; a young woman in Danvers kept almost naked in an unheated shed so small that there was hardly room for the constantly increasing accumulation of filth, her skin so infected by crusted dirt and bitter cold that she tore it in fragments from her wretched body; another young woman chained naked in a poorhouse at Westford; an old man chained down in a bunk in a woodshed in Newton, his legs only stumps, his feet having frozen off.

For months she went up and down the horrid streets and alleys of Inferno. And then, burning with compassion and ice-cold in indignation, she wrote a report for the Massachusetts Legislature—one of the great American classics. She was not discreet. She named names and gave exact localities. When the great Dr. Howe presented her "memorial" to the legislature in session, and it was reported in the newspapers, can you imagine what the result was? You can if you have had much experience with self-protective human nature. There was an immediate explosion in Massachusetts. Of remorse and shame? No indeed. Of angry resentment—and incredulity. What an indecent woman she must be, this prying meddlesome disgrace to her sex, who had spoken out loud of things that no respectable woman should ever hear about, let alone see; things which, even among experienced men, should be discussed only in whispers. An avalanche of embittered public disapproval roared down over Dorothea Dix's name.

But, Victorian though she was, there was nothing of the amiable, gentle, or shrinking about her. She was determined to have her way. And now her way was the way of righteousness. And Massachusetts has always been a commonwealth rich in fine citizens. The best of them rallied around the middle-aged school teacher-crusader. Another kind of public opinion awoke and rose, a bill was

(Continued on page 62)

★ *Personality in Bloom*

Every flower within my garden
Has, to me, some human trait;
Some have faults and some have virtues,
Blooming there beside my gate.

Hollyhocks are soldiers marching,
Heads erect and standing tall,
Colors flaunting, oh, so bravely!
March in file along the wall.

Funny, leering pansy faces,
Always poking fun at me,
Can you look and not see in them
Features full of levity?

Larkspurs prim as any spinster,
Bonnets stiff with purple flowers,
At the bachelor buttons casting
Glances to bemuse the hours.

Golden yellow pumpkin blossoms
Gossip with the bumble bees,
Prison walls then close around them—
Very cruel flowers these.

Zinnias are my happy children,
Gaily dressed and full of fun;
Red and yellow, gold and orange,
Patch of color in the sun.

Blossoms rare or most plebeian,
These are more than flowers to me,
Not a one of my acquaintance
But has personality.

By Cora L. Keagle

★

imagination. Horace Mann, the great Massachusetts educational reformer, with other enlightened people, doctors and humanitarians, had been vainly trying to arouse public opinion to provide care for these inhumanly treated mentally afflicted. But they were busy professional men, with their livings to earn, with a professional tradition of discreet avoidance of publicity of any kind, especially of what might be called by well-bred people "sensational" publicity. They were



This is not Bill, but it is a typical Mont Lawn boy—there are many “Bills” there every summer

BILL GETS A SCRUBBING

By Albert Linn Lawson

and blushed and giggled a bit foolishly, poking a finger at the little wisps of hair that fell over her ears and straightening nervously the poor little hat with the flowers on it. She really wanted to be alone, and just look.

The pleasant young lady spoke: “Did you come to see someone? Your boy, or girl?”

“Nope,” stammered Mrs. Haynes. “Nope. I ain’t got anyone here now. Bill, he’s in the Solomon Eye-lands.”

“Oh.” There was a thick silence. Then: “But—do you know someone here?” What she really wanted to ask was, “Why have you come?”

“Well, you see,” hesitated Mrs. Haynes. “You see—it’s a sort of duty. A duty I been promisin’ myself for nigh onto a year. I always wanted just to see the place that scrubbed Bill so clean.”

“Scrubbed—Bill?”

“Aye, that they did. Scrubbed him cleaner than I ever could. I work. Scrubbin’, you know, in one of them skyscrapers on Fifth Avenue. Done that for a long time, I have, ever since Tim died. Tim was my husband.” The gnarled old hands twisted a handkerchief, and her eyes looked funny and she bit her lip. She rushed on into an explanation, hoping that the flood of words would stem the flood of tears.

“Tim drove a truck. He made good money, an’ he brought it home. We had a good home. It was little, but we loved it. When little Bill came, we used to spend half the night, every night, out on the fire escape, plannin’ all the great things we were goin’ to do for him, and what a man we’d make of him. I used to laugh at Tim; he had Bill elected President of the United States before the boy was out of grammar school.

“Then one day the doorbell rang and I went and there was a cop. He was a great big Irish fellow, and he tried to break it to me easy-like, but I knew the minute I looked at him what it was. Somethin’ had happened to Tim. His

truck turned over up in Westchester, and. . . .”

“I know,” said the young lady. What else was there to say?

“Well, it was pretty tough after that. I had to check my dreams and get out and hustle to keep body and soul together. I’d never worked, ‘cept in a factory when I was young, and there wasn’t much factory work durin’ the Depression, and so I went to work scrubbin’. That’s all I could do, so I did it.

“Bill, he had a tough time of it too. I’d tuck him in bed at night when I left, and make him promise to go to sleep and be good, and I’d ask the folks across the hall to kind of keep an eye on him, but you know how folks are. They had their own kids to worry about, and it got so after awhile that they never did look in on little Bill. But the nights wasn’t as bad as the days. I had to sleep during the days, you know, workin’ as I was at night, and I’d have to turn Bill loose to amuse himself. He got to runnin’ with a gang of boys in the block, and I could see what was happenin’, plain. Bill was gettin’ away from me. That’s an awful feelin’, for a mother.” She paused to consider it, to remember it.

“I know,” said the young lady—and then cursed herself for saying the same foolish words twice. “But—go on—tell me what happened.”

“Well, Bill got to runnin’. He got to playing them little tricks that all the boys in the city streets play—like kickin’ out the stick under a push-cart, and spillin’ the poor man’s stuff all over the street, or droppin’ a bag of water off a roof on somebody’s head down on the sidewalk. The cops chased ‘em for that, but the cops really had to laugh at them kids.

“Then one day he and two other little rascals in the Desperate Dozen (that was the name o’ their gang) sneaked under the fence of the railroad yards down by the river, and swiped some brass fittings and sold ‘em to the junkman. I got it out

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 38

SHE came plodding slowly up the hill from the Nyack station, stopping now and then to catch her breath. She was patient, with the patience of one on a pilgrimage. She had lines in her face and her hands were the worn, gnarled hands of a New York City scrubwoman. She sat down under the big tree at the edge of the Mont Lawn playground and watched the children play and a slow smile spread over her face.

“Ain’t that nice,” she whispered to herself. “Ain’t it nice just runnin’ around in God’s sun, gettin’ the dust of them city streets out o’ their little lungs.” (Mrs. Haynes went to work at fourteen; she never had the benefit of sixth-grade grammar schooling.)

A pleasant-faced young woman playing with the children spotted her, and came over to sit under the big elm. Mrs. Haynes was flustered at that; she flushed

of Bill when I found a lot of change in his pockets; that was one thing about Bill—he'd always fess up. He told me what he'd did, and I just didn't have the heart to give him a good whalin', as maybe I should. I just sat there and looked at him and I cried. I knew what it meant. I've seen these gangsters, these bootleggers and flashy-dressed little crooks around our block. They started just like that—swipin' brass out of the yards. An' then they swiped somethin' more valuable, and then one night they'd break into a store, an' they were up before the judge on petty larceny an' then it was grand larceny—an' first thing you knew they had a gun! I just sat and thought about that, fast as a streak o' lightnin', while I looked at Bill.

"I pleaded hard an' I prayed hard. Never prayed so in all my born days. But you know, Miss—it's hard to pray in a slum. God seems so far away. An' I knew God was goin' to have to compete with that gang for my Bill, and the odds looked so big and unfair that I just felt like givin' up. But of course I didn't; no mother ever does that, in the slums or anywheres else.

"Well, to make a long story short, it happened. I knew t'would. Bill went back to the railroad yards, an' he just got his hands on a nice big shiny piece of brass that had been put right there to trap him, when he looked up an' saw one of them railroad detectives comin' at him from behind a box car. He never had a chance. In half an hour he was down at Children's Court, an' there was another cop at my door. I nearly fainted, when he told me.

"I went down and brought Bill home. We had to go back next mornin', to see the Judge. I didn't sleep none all that night; just walked up and down. Bill, he was awake too; he felt as bad about it as I did, an' he wanted to run away. But he didn't, an' we was there at ten sharp, like they told us to be. The judge called up the boys and they sat in chairs around him and he started to talk to them, just like Tim would have talked, only maybe more gentle. He didn't treat them like criminals, but like boys. The other two boys was kind o' fresh. They snickered and tried to make the judge see they wasn't afraid of him—and did he go after them! He scared them so they turned a sickly white. They went out pretty humble.

"I kept watchin' Bill, an' I noticed he wasn't acting fresh. He didn't look scared, either. Just humble and ashamed. An' I noticed the Judge saw it, too. He turned the other two out of the room—an' I had another bad moment when he told Bill to sit still, that he wanted to talk to him some more. He called me up to the desk, an' then he turned to Bill.

"'Bill,' he said, easy like, lookin' right at him, 'Bill, I like you. You've behaved yourself a lot better than those other two fellows. You've been a man about it.



The understanding counsellors who take care of Mont Lawn boys inspire them as Mr. George did Bill

Maybe that's because you've got such a fine mother here with you, or because you know you've done something that has hurt her, a lot. I want to help you. I'm going to send you up to Mont Lawn for a little vacation. No, it isn't a reform school; it's a summer camp, run by Christian Herald. You'll like it up there. I want you to go, and I want you to come back and tell me what you think of it. How about it?"

"Well, Bill wasn't just sure about it. He thought the judge was playing some sort of trick on him. He looked at me an' I nodded my head, an' he said, 'O. K., Judge. If you say so, I'll go. But I ain't promisin' I'll like it.'

"So—he came up here. I didn't hear nothin' from him for a week. Bill's a good boy, but he's a poor letter-writer. But I knew everythin' must be all right,

or he'd have run away and made for home. When he did come home, after two weeks, I hardly knew him. He was browned all over, like a gypsy. His cheeks was as red as an apple an' he had somethin' inside him that wasn't there when he went away. And he was quieter. He sat thinkin', a lot. He played with the kids in the street, like he always had, but he didn't go with them on any more o' their deviltry. An' he kept writin' to a Mr. George. He'd write every other day or so, an' tell everything that had happened to him an' everythin' he was thinkin'. I wonder'd about that, bein' as Bill was so lazy, usuall, about letters, an' asked him who this Mr. George was. Then I began to get the story.

"Mr. George was one of them counsellors, an' a student studyin' for the

(Continued on page 63)



DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. ARCHER WALLACE

JUNE 1943

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

TUESDAY, JUNE 1

BROKEN MAINSPRINGS

"HE . . . BINDETH UP THEIR WOUNDS."

READ PSALM 147

WHEN the great Bible commentator, Dr. Alexander McLaren, lost his wife he was so crushed by the blow that he compared himself to a watch whose mainspring was broken. "I shall go on living," he said, "as a broken watch keeps on ticking but it will be feeble and not for long." But he lived for another twenty-six years and during those years he began and completed his "Expositions of the Bible" which displayed amazing virility of thought and deep spiritual insight. Broken springs can be repaired. That is the promise of God's word: "He healeth the broken in heart."

Lord, Thou are good and Thou doest good and Thy goodness is over all Thy works. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2

SUPERIOR OBLIGATIONS

"WHAT DO YE MORE THAN OTHERS?"

READ MATTHEW 18:21-35

THERE are superior obligations for the truly religious. The striking appeal which Jesus made in the Sermon on the Mount was to these higher standards: "What do ye more than others?" In the matter of forgiveness, for instance, it is not sufficient to be rigidly just. Christ expects us to be more forgiving, more loving than the self-contented Pharisees of his day. Paying men back in their own coin will not do. We must go the second mile and the third mile if necessary.

Lord, enable us to understand that where much is given, much is required.

THURSDAY, JUNE 3

GOD AND THE PLOUGHMAN

"HIS GOD DOTH INSTRUCT HIM."

READ ISAIAH 28:23-29

IN A comment on this passage the late Dr. W. L. Watkinson wrote: "Few

will read this passage without surprise. There is something startling about this contact between the Almighty and the ploughman. We accept the inspiration of the philosopher. We believe too in the inspiration of poets—at least in some of them, and when a master musician makes glorious music it is easy to believe in the divine in-breathing but it is different to recognize the inspiration of the ploughman." We may add, if God inspires the ploughman, he also inspires the mechanic, the sailor, the miner and the woman in the kitchen.

We thank Thee, O Father, that Thou dost fill all life with beauty and meaning. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 4

DEALING WITH CRANKS

"DO GOOD UNTO ALL MEN."

READ GALATIANS 6:1-10

THE editor of a religious publication received a letter from one who asked: "What can be done with cranks in the church; people who if they do not always get their own way, sit back and sulk or harshly criticize?" That is a real problem for there are few churches without such people. Here is the editor's reply: "Never go out of your way to crush anybody no matter how much you think they deserve it. By treating even a crank severely you may be striking a wounded animal. Be patient, be kind, be forgiving." Sound Christian advice.

Father, we pray that the mind of Jesus may be found in us. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5

MINISTRIES OF SHUT-INS

"LOVE SUFFERETH LONG AND IS KIND."

READ I CORINTHIANS 13

HERE is a magnificent tribute to the ministry of a shut-in. Rev. Charles Brown writes: "I remember an invalid in the village of my birth who, for more than a quarter of a century, lay on her bed a helpless sufferer. Yet nobody in that village wielded a more gracious

influence. People in apparently good health came for miles to see her and to have her pray with them. Never once was she known to murmur or show impatience. Through her suffering, bravely and sweetly borne, God reached the hearts of many."

Father, we bless Thee for all whose lives have led us closer to Thee. In Thy name's sake. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 6

STRENGTH OR STUBBORNNESS

"TRY THE SPIRITS WHETHER THEY ARE OF GOD."

READ I JOHN 4:1-10

A MAN once introduced the late Dr. Frank Gunsaulus to an audience and referred to him repeatedly as "a man with a backbone." Dr. Gunsaulus replied, "I have a backbone but I thank God that it is not a crowbar. After all, the best thing about a backbone is the number of joints in it which enables it to bend." Well said! Too many people mistake stubbornness for strength. There is a sense in which a mule is strong—or is it? The spirit of God makes men gracious. And, remember, the Spirit of God makes men humble.

Father, make us humble and teachable, even as little children. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 7

EXALTED MOODS

"SING UNTO THE LORD."

READ PSALM 96

WE ONCE had occasion to write to a poet for permission to use a quotation and we complimented her on her work. In replying she said: "When I wrote that poem I was in an exalted mood but most of the time I have feet of lead." Most of us are like that, alternating between exalted moods and periods of dullness, or depression. It is possible, however, to make those higher moods permanent. We can make every experience a means of blessing. A cloud of witnesses testify to that truth.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 40

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR



Lord, we ask for more than a fleeting glimpse of Thee; abide with us and dwell in our hearts evermore. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 8

THE SPLENDID ISOLATION
"KEEP THEM FROM THE EVIL."
READ JOHN 15:15-26

A YOUNG lady, who was promoted to an important position in a financial institution was in constant fear lest she should pass a spurious bank-note. A senior officer comforted her by saying: "Do not worry. Be careful and be tranquil, for the first time you touch bad paper you will feel a shiver—as if you had received a cold shower bath." It is certainly true in our moral life. The soul is sensitive to the approach of the spurious, the unclean and the dangerous. And this is a spiritual sensitiveness which we must respect.

Lord, enable us to abstain even from the appearance of that which is evil. Amen

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9

A WORD IN SEASON
"AND HE BROUGHT HIM TO JESUS."
READ JOHN 1:29-51

ONE Sunday a group of young men sat on the verandah of a city rooming house. Among them was a youth who was spending his first Sunday away from home. A passer-by saw them and cordially invited them to a Bible Class of which he was the leader. That youth gladly accepted the invitation and during the next fourteen years was only absent three times. He is today an outstanding Christian layman of his church. Lonely and shy, he had been longing for such an invitation. A fortunate youth and a faithful teacher.

Lord, we pray for all who hesitate and are timid; may their twilight open to a blessed day. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10

MODERN STANDARDS
"LAY UP FOR YOURSELVES TREASURES IN HEAVEN."
READ MATTHEW 6:19-34

DR. SHERWOOD EDDY tells of a generous man whose friends thought he must be mentally unbalanced because he parted with money with apparently no thought of self-interest. It is a sad reflection on our modern standards when people think a man should be examined by a psychiatrist simply because he is willing to part with material possessions. The truth is that the finest characters in history have all held very lightly the things of this

world. Therein lay their strength. Their treasure was not of this world.

Lord, may we love Thee with all our heart and soul and mind and strength.

FRIDAY, JUNE 11

STRENGTH FOR CLIMBING
"GIVE ME THIS MOUNTAIN."
READ JOSHUA 14:6-13

WHEN the Israelites finally entered the promised land and the time came for the distribution of lots among the tribes and leaders, Caleb scorned the level plains and gentle valleys with their subtle temptation to ease. He said to Joshua: "Give me this mountain." There spoke the man who relished a challenge to strength and courage. Our prayer ought not to be for something soft and comfortable but rather for tasks and strength equal to them.

Lord, we would not go one step without Thee; go with us through all the days that remain. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 12

THE GIFT OF PEACE
"NOT AS THE WORLD GIVETH."
READ JOHN 14:25-31

MORE than six hundred years ago the poet Dante stood before the doors of a monastery. Three times the monks asked him what he sought. At last the weary man said, "I seek peace." The quest for spiritual peace is as old as humanity; men seek it as eagerly in the twentieth century as their forefathers did in the remote past. One thing is certain: spiritual peace is not the result of any combination of outward circumstances. Jesus gave a parting gift to his disciples—peace: "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you."

Lord, Thou dwellest in everlasting peace; bring calm and rest to our feverish hearts. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 13

TRAILS AND HIGHWAYS
"BRINGING INTO CAPTIVITY EVERY THOUGHT."
READ II CORINTHIANS 10

IN THE West the great railway lines follow very closely what were originally footpaths or narrow Indian trails. The instinct which led the Indians to map their way among mountain ranges was unerring. It is ever thus in the moral realm. The trail becomes a highway. Men allow their minds to dwell on certain things, good or evil, and eventually they do them.

Father, each day may we hear a

voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 14

CONVICTION RESPECTED
"YE ARE THE SALT OF THE EARTH."
READ MATTHEW 5:11-16

THE man with strong convictions will always command respect even from those who sharply disagree with him. It is the empty house that gets its windows broken. The dying Lorenzo sent for Savonarola. He had bitterly opposed him and sought his death but in his heart he respected the outspoken preacher. "He was the only monk who dared to differ with me," he said. In that solemn hour Lorenzo had no desire to see those who had sought only to court his favor.

Lord, may no prosperity, no adversity, shake our determination to be faithful to Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 15

THE MINISTRY OF THE OBSCURE
"AND MANY OTHERS."
READ LUKE 8:1-3

HAVE you ever seen a tombstone without an epitaph on it, without even the initials of the one who slept beneath it? Here is something like that. Certain women are mentioned by name because they ministered to Jesus: Mary Magdalene, Joanna and Susanna. They have an honored place in history; they will not be forgotten. Let us read on: "And many others which ministered unto him." Who were these nameless ones? Only God knows that; but He does know. The great mass of Christians can never hope to be historical saints, but who cares?

Lord, we thank Thee for all gentle, humble souls whose gracious lives have helped us. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16

CRITICISM OR FAULT FINDING
"WISDOM IS JUSTIFIED OF ALL HER CHILDREN."
READ LUKE 7:31-35

CRITICISM in itself is not a bad thing. It helps to keep us humble and when fair may do us good. But criticism often degenerates into censorious fault-finding. When John the Baptist came neither eating nor drinking; that is, an out-and-out ascetic, the critics said he had a devil. Jesus came eating and drinking with warm geniality and the critics complained that he was gluttonous and a wine-bibber. Jesus, without trace of anger or even of irritation, pointed out their inconsistency. If the message is unwelcome, nothing



DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

that the messenger can say or do will be right.

Lord, lift up the light of Thy countenance upon us and make us glad through Thy word. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 17

BE A LIGHTHOUSE

"IT IS GOOD FOR ME THAT I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED."

READ PSALM 119:65-72

SOMEONE has said: "If you are on the rocks be a lighthouse." After all, that is the place for a lighthouse. The truth is that a Christian who, finding himself in a difficult situation, can make his experience a means of spiritual enrichment is doing a mighty fine thing for the Kingdom of God. Sorrow bravely borne, disappointments ignored and handicaps made steps of progress, reveal just what the grace of God can do for men and women. All the preaching in the world can't surpass that testimony.

Lord, even in the darkness may we touch Thy hand and be comforted.

FRIDAY, JUNE 18

DIVINE DELIVERANCE

"FEAR NOT, FOR I AM WITH THEE."

READ ISAIAH 43:1-5

IN A book by Professor John McMurray we found this sentence: "Religion delivers us from fear, but not from the things we are afraid of." God does not bribe people into His service by promises of ease. The promise in Isaiah is not that there shall be no floods, no fire. These calamities will come even to the faithful, but the faithful will be sustained: "I will be with thee . . . the rivers shall not overflow thee . . . through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." God saves His people, not from trouble, but in trouble.

Interpret for us, O God, the lessons of life as they come to us, and may they minister to our growth. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19

FIRST-HAND EVIDENCE

"WHEREAS I WAS BLIND NOW I SEE."

READ JOHN 9:1-25

RECENTLY on a railway train, we heard an animated discussion about religion by several young men whom, we gathered, were medical students. One was frankly a sceptic, another just as pronounced a believer. Tempers became a little frayed and at times there was more heat than light. When asked to explain the war and a score of other problems the young Christian said: "Frankly, many of your questions I cannot answer but I do know that re-

ligion means much to me, that prayer does something to me and for me." That was sound common sense. Our personal experience is sufficient for us.

Lord, there are so many shadows across our path that we become fearful until we remember Thee; then all is well. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20

BLESSED ARE THE ENCOURAGERS

"STIR UP THE GIFT OF GOD."

READ II TIMOTHY 1:8

A CLASS of boys was singing in a public school preparing for a concert. The teacher passed along listening to each boy in turn. To one boy he said gruffly: "You needn't sing." The boy never quite got over that snub. He told the writer that all through life whenever he started to join in singing, he remembered it. Now that boy was probably no Caruso—likely he was out of tune—but to crush him like that was tactless, almost brutal. Let us deal gently with sensitive youngsters. We can do so much to help or hurt.

Father, help us to follow the example of our Master, who went about the earth doing good. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 21

THE SECRET OF STRENGTH

"HE SHALL STRENGTHEN THINE HEART."

READ PSALM 27

THERE are those who are temperamentally faint-hearted. They were timid, sensitive children and they have carried into adult life much of the same temper. They lean towards pessimism and have a feeling of inferiority. But there is no reason why they should remain so. The grace of God can change men's nature and most certainly can strengthen the faint-hearted. The story of Christianity is the story of changed hearts. Mark this passage: "When they saw the boldness of Peter . . . they marvelled." Peter had once been very faint-hearted.

Lord, we pray for all who have been hurt in the battle of life, that they may bring their wounded hearts to Thee. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22

PRAYERS OF INTERCESSION

"PRAYING . . . FOR ALL SAINTS . . . AND FOR ME."

READ I SAMUEL 12:18-25

WE OWE certain people our prayers. There is an obligation here and if we do not fulfill it we rob them. Dr. J. H. Jowett once said that our failure to pray for needy brethren may be among our gravest sins. And it is an inspiring

thought that our prayers may greatly increase a man's moral capital. That is how Samuel felt about his duty to Israel: "God forbid that I should sin against the Lord in ceasing to pray for you." Paul also earnestly asked for the prayers of the Church at Ephesus.

Father, may we not live for ourselves alone but for the good that we can do for others. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23

THE SINCERE ARE INVULNERABLE

"BLESSED IS THE MAN THAT ENDURETH TEMPTATION."

READ JAMES 1:1-14

THAT was a noble truth that Socrates told to the judges who had condemned him to death: "Know this, that no evil thing can befall a good man." That is, nothing from without can injure him. The hatred of enemies and the treachery of friends will avail nothing if his own spiritual life is healthy. Temptations come but he does not have to yield; trials await him but he can make of them stepping-stones of spiritual progress. No one can injure a man but he himself. The good man is invulnerable.

Lord, in hours of peril defend us and supply all our needs through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24

THE EXPULSION OF EVIL

"BE STRENGTHENED . . . IN THE INNER MAN."

READ EPHESIANS 3

IT IS true, as we saw yesterday, that nothing from outside can injure us unless we consent. But if a man hates us and we dwell upon it until we are aroused ourselves and go out to battle with him in his own spirit, then he has done us grievous injury even though we succeed in crushing him. But if by the grace of God we keep calm and unruffled we have gained the victory. We have ruled our spirits which is greater than taking a city. And the surest way to expel evil is to love that which is pure.

Lord, we are safe and strong when we remember Thee; we are weak and in danger when we forget Thee. In Thy name's sake. Amen.

FRIDAY, JUNE 25

REFUSING THE WAY OUT

"NOT ACCEPTING DELIVERANCE."

READ HEBREWS 11:16-40

THE eleventh chapter of Hebrews gives a long list of martyrs whose suf-

ferings and death arouse our admiration for them. Remember there was a way out, a means of escape. They had but to blaspheme the name of Christ and they would be released. Life was sweet to them and such a death as they faced was terrible but they were tortured: "Not accepting deliverance." There is always an escape from unpleasant situations and all the moral tragedies of history tell of those who took the short and easy way—who accepted deliverance.

Lord, help us to endure hardships as good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26

GOD IS A WORKER
"TO EVERY MAN HIS WORK."
READ MARK 13:32-37

ONE of the distinctive features of the Christian revelation is that it stresses the fact that God is a worker. Other systems portray Him as being eternally at rest; an infinite Dreamer. It was felt by many that to ascribe anything in the nature of work to God would be considered derogatory to His glory. But Jesus said: "My Father worketh hitherto and I work." Paul reminded the Corinthians it was their high privilege to be "God's fellow workers" (R.V.). The first article of the Christian creed reads: "I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth."

We thank Thee, Father, that Thou hast made our lives so full of interest and blessed opportunities of service. Amen.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27

ENLARGING HORIZONS
"BUT I SAY UNTO YOU."
READ MATTHEW 5:33-48

NONE of us takes pleasure in creating antagonisms. But there is a snare in tenaciously clinging to the past when our better judgment leads us to newer points of view. Six times over in the Sermon on the Mount our Lord said: "Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time . . . but I say unto you." Then followed an admonition that made a distinct advance or a break with outworn tradition. If we are to be honest with ourselves and faithful to Our Master we shall often have to discard accepted traditions. We must follow the leading of God's spirit.

Help us, Father, to discern between that which is false and that which is eternally true. Amen.

MONDAY, JUNE 28

THE FORGIVING SPIRIT
"BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER."
READ EPHESIANS 4:25-32

SOME years ago the son of a minister was killed at a railway crossing in Ontario. It looked as if there had been
(Continued on page 60)

PAGE 43 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

How to Relieve MUSCULAR PAIN, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA IN A FEW MINUTES



The instant you feel muscular aches or pains, do this at once. Take 2 Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a glass of water. Repeat if needed.

...Use fast relief pictured here. You'll be amazed at results

Why Bayer Aspirin "takes hold" so Quickly



These two pictures tell the story. Almost the instant you drop a Bayer Aspirin Tablet in water, it starts to disintegrate. In 2 or 3 seconds, it's ready to start working. Hence it relieves muscular aches and pains, or headache with remarkable speed.

**Try this wonderful fast relief today
only 1c a tablet**

IF YOU HAVE never tried this fast, inexpensive method of relieving distressing muscular aches or pains, you'll be amazed when relief starts in just a few minutes time. Try it. Take two Bayer Aspirin Tablets with a full glass of water. Then rest for a few minutes while the Bayer Aspirin "takes hold." And faster perhaps than you ever thought possible, the pain starts to go.

Quick results come because, as the pictures of the glasses show, Genuine Bayer Aspirin starts to disintegrate and is ready to go to work almost instantly it touches moisture. Hence a few minutes after taking, it starts relieving the pain.

So don't wait. The moment you feel muscular pain or the pain of neuritis, neuralgia or headache, get quick relief by taking Bayer Aspirin. This can save you hours that otherwise would be spent in pain.

At only 1 cent a tablet, anyone can afford this quick relief. So be sure you get it when you buy. Always ask for it by its full name, "Bayer Aspirin" and look for the Bayer cross stamped on each tablet. The new easy opening boxes snap open automatically when you press the top.

If pain persists see your doctor



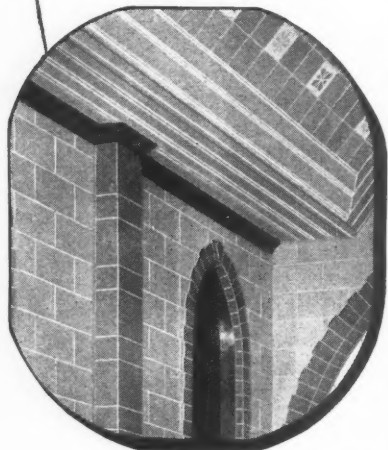
Your doctor is the only one who should advise you about persistent pain. Let him find the basic cause of such pain and treat it.

15c
FOR 12 TABLETS
2 FULL DOZEN
25c





Revive Beauty in
your church
—use
Nu-Wood



Nu-Wood installation in St. Mary's Church, East Dubuque, Iowa—by Clarence Kintzle.

Weary of a war-torn world, worshippers seek beauty and peace in the church today. If your church has grown old and drab through the years, revive its beauty with Nu-wood Interior Finish. Here is a wall and ceiling covering with soft, glowing, fadeproof colors that create an atmosphere of calm and dignity. Here, too, is a material that efficiently *quiets noise* and corrects faulty acoustics, bringing greater restfulness and better hearing to your church. And because Nu-Wood is an effective insulating material, it saves fuel in winter . . . enhances comfort throughout the summer. Easy to apply, Nu-Wood is amazingly inexpensive. Mail the coupon for full information—and for illustrations of Nu-Wood church interiors.

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St. Paul, Minnesota

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

BASED ON THE INTERNATIONAL UNIFORM LESSONS

By Amos John Traver



JUNE
6

PETER COMFORTS PERSECUTED CHRISTIANS

1 PETER 3:13-17; 4:12-16; 5:6-10

"PETER COMFORTS!" Peter, the battle-scarred veteran comforts the recruits about to go over the top. They will listen with every fiber of their being, for Peter knows. Peter tried boasting his way with the Master and would never forget the dreadful humility of his failure. Peter knew fear, the fear of death and its power to make a man desert. *Now Peter was past all panic and looked ahead unafraid to a cross of his own.*

"Peter comforts!" Comfort is a strong word. The stem "fort" looks out at you from its very heart. Peter is a fort builder for men who battle for their souls. His fort was almost taken more than once, but always in the end, like Stalingrad, withstood the invader. He has a fort to recommend.

Peter tried a sword for defense. It played him false, a tragic lesson the world is slow to learn. He does not arm his recruits with swords but helps them build their defenses within. They must not be surprised at persecution. "Think it not strange," he tells them. The surprise assault of seemingly unmerited trouble has too often conquered us. "I have lost my faith," says one. "Why?" "I have tried to do the right, now see, I have lost everything." "Think it not strange," says battle-scarred Peter. The business of re-making our world into the Kingdom of God is hardly begun. The practicing Christian must not be surprised at unpopularity, persecution and death. *The world is that way.*

THERE IS GOOD COMPANY in Peter's fort. The prefix "com" in the word comfort means just that. The recruits will go over the top *together*. In the arena families and friends will walk bravely, hand in hand, toward the onrushing lions. They will face persecution fresh from the experience of worship together. What if they must use the secret sign of a roughly drawn fish to identify themselves as Christian in hostile Rome? What if they must meet to worship in the cavern tombs beneath the city? Ask Nazi-infested Europe what the fellowship of worship means when persecution comes. Then prize the "communion of the saints" so freely yours. "If we have friends we can endure anything," said Helen Keller.

The higher fellowship is ours too in Peter's fort. The living Christ shares our sufferings. Christians are "partakers of Christ's sufferings." Stained with blood and tears are the records of the first century Christians. Yet they sing and shout

of victory. So may we when the devilish forces of sin assault our fort. With us within the walls is one who will "perfect, stablish, strengthen." Anxiety has no place there, because "He careth for you."

Persecution, suffering, the Cross itself, in themselves can be no one's glory. When they come as the price of a good conscience toward God their scars become the distinguished service medals of the Kingdom.

JUNE
13

GOD'S EXCEEDING GREAT PROMISES

2 PETER 1:1-11

WHAT ADJECTIVES PETER used when he wrote of the promises of God! "Exceeding great and precious" he called them. To know God's grace is to rhapsodize, to struggle for words to express the heart's response. How can we be so casual about God's promises?

Every page of our gospels records some promise of God. Not bargain promises, the "do-this-and-I'll-do-that" of business. Jacob made such a covenant, pledging his donations to the Lord on the basis of the prosperity given him. The precious promises of God are of grace, they offer favors without money and without price. To receive these gifts requires *only* the cupped hands of faith. With such a child-like faith comes true peace.

THE PROMISES OF GOD are not confined to the privileged few. They are democratically offered. Peter once had reservations with regard to the savableness of the Gentiles. He is no longer the racial bigot but proclaims the promises to all who will accept them. Niemoller said that there were no first-class and second-class Christians at the communion table and was moved therefore to a concentration camp. Blood and race, caste and class can not bound the good will of God.

"Partakers of the divine nature" is the Christian's prospect. To say it in other words, the promise of grace is likeness to Christ. The catalog of Christian virtues listed here was incarnated, made into flesh, in Christ. These virtues are attained only in part by the most faithful Christian, but they are none the less God's ideal for our living. They begin at faith and end at love and all the fruits of the Christian life lie between. They are ours by growth. They flower from within the heart. Look at them as in a mirror and see how faintly they appear in your life. Faith, virtue (meaning true manliness), knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, kindness, love. We can only say, "I stretch toward the mark."

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 44

THE PLEDGE of a promise is the promise. We never really believe a promise, we believe the one who makes it. It must be an exceeding great person who makes exceeding great promises. "Pass all your tests for college entrance and I will give you a good watch, one just like I carry," promised my father. When I left for college I wore a watch, still running accurately these many years later. I knew the watch would be mine because I knew my father. It is the Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ who promises to help us grow toward the likeness of His Son. We are blind to His great love if we expect nothing from His promises. We are graceless indeed if we refuse to give all diligence to the business of opening the door of our heart to Him. When He enters there, we have entered His kingdom.

JUNE
20

JOHN DESCRIBES TRUE CHRISTIANS

1 JOHN 2:1-6; 3:13-18; 4:15-27

"MY GUESS is as good as yours" was the alibi of a dinner guest offering a particularly wild opinion about Christian truth. If John had been present he would have stifled the guest's idle speculations with a terse "I know." Martineau used to go to hear Spurgeon preach though their theologies had little in common. "You don't believe what Spurgeon preaches," said a friend. "No," answered Martineau, "but he does." John uses the word "know" as often as the word "love," though he is known as the apostle of love. The true Christian knows not only what he believes but whom, which is more fundamental.

Propitiation, what a word! Too bad so many long Latin words should find their way into our Christian vocabulary. The true Christian is propitiated, reconciled to God. His sins have "flown away," the literal meaning of propitiation. Not by my struggle, not by my goodness, but by the mysterious power of the Cross I have been made right with God. There is really only one definition of God in scripture: "God is love." The true Christian accepts what is implied and peace comes to his forgiven soul.

What happens in a forgiven life? For John, personal salvation is not the end but the beginning of Christian experience. If the leaden shoes of sin are struck off our feet by Christ it is that we may run the more swiftly to the help of others. "We ought to lay down our lives for the brethren." "Impression without expression is pure waste" are the words that look down from a certain school-room wall. "If you can't say it, you don't know it" is the teacher's challenge. If your soul is forgiven your life should be a benediction in your home, in your community, in your world. The true Christian is first saved, then a servant, "saved to serve."

THE MARK OF TRUE Christian living is love, not the romance of screen and magazine story. Pure romance has its place in life, but the love John taught has its full and complete pattern in Jesus. The true Christian abideth in Him, is one with Him. This means more than that the protective arms of Christ are about us. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" may suggest a very self-centered, sheltered life. The hands

(Continued on page 60)

And here's a tip from a jelly champion . . . Try the certain way to jell all fruits—with **CERTO** . . . Get the **CERTO BONUS** of **4 extra glasses** from the same amount of fruit!



"You needn't be afraid, with Certo, to start making jelly this year just as soon as you can get berries or fruit," says

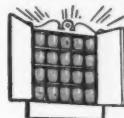
Mrs. T. A. Parker, whose beautiful jellies and jams, made with Certo, won First Prize at the Colorado State Fair last year. "You won't waste your fruit and sugar—for Certo, the famous pure fruit pectin, makes it easy to jell all fruits. And—for further certainty—since all fruits can't be handled alike, the recipe book that comes with each bottle of Certo contains specific directions for each kind—80 separate recipes!

"Certo is a time-saver, too! Only ½ minute boil for jelly, with Certo—a minute or so for jam! You're all through



15 minutes after your fruit is prepared. This short boil, with Certo, saves fuel and gives you shimmering, clear jellies that taste luscious—like fresh fruit!

"But those 4 extra glasses are the big saving from this short-boil method with Certo! You get 11 glasses of jelly from the same amount of juice that yields only 7 by the old, long, 'boil-down' way. How's that for stretching your fruit juice . . . for filling jelly shelves fast with nutritious treasure for bleak winter days? You'll find your jelly costs less per glass, too!"



A Product of General Foods

CERTO TAKES THE UNCERTAINTY OUT OF JELLY-MAKING... SAVES TIME... STRETCHES FRUIT AND SUGAR!



Mrs. T. A. Parker
Calhan, Colorado



It instead of 7—THE CERTO BONUS



Let Junior gather the berries and help make the jelly



Purple wealth—delicious jellies are easily made with grapes

JAMS, JELLIES and PRESERVES

By Esther Foley

AMONG the blessings of this our country are the fields which yield an uncultivated harvest.

About the end of June the rich brown earth bordering the road to the picnic grounds is purple with the small sturdy blueberry bush. The jungle back of the barn on the abandoned farm is rich with dangling red and black jewels, yours for the gathering. The cherry and peach trees which have been left to the birds can be protected and the fruit, gathered from the topmost branches, made into jams and jellies and preserves. Send the children fruit hunting this summer. Give them heavy shoes, and corduroy slacks which can take it, because berry picking and fruit plucking is scratchy business, and let them gather a little every day of the fruit crop which in other years has gone to waste. Then let the Ladies of the Kettle gather for a brief hour in the church kitchen to put up a half-dozen jars or so.

This unreckoned harvest is one of the food reserves of the nation. It will never be called on for lend-lease. Fifty percent of production will not be set aside for the armed forces. The yield of lane and meadow is not in the forecast of food supplies for 1943, published by the Department of Agriculture. Yet every man who draws up a report, every soldier who eats a jar of commercial jam, every manufacturer who fills a lend-lease order has a more peaceful feeling in his heart because this unreckoned, uncounted constant harvest has been a part of his life

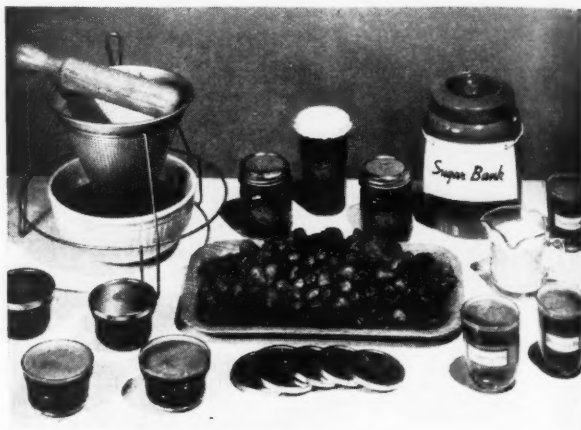
from earliest days.

Our country is rich. Let fruit on the market be scarce. It need not be a hindrance to the church kitchen if in the congregation there are twelve-year-olds who will gather fruit.

This year with butter short and margarine only a runner-up in volume as yet, the rationing board which will allot sugar for canning may see fit to look with a kinder eye on jelly making. An extra 200,000 tons of sugar has been imported from Cuba for the home canning season. Peanut butter, plentiful as it is, needs something to make it slide down. Jelly does this. A spread for bread, this is what we need. And then, besides, jam can take the place of dessert sauce. Sweet conserves can make a rationed meal both colorful and fragrant.

Secrets of jelly making: work in small amounts; cook quickly; sterilize the jars. And the secret of the most production for the sugar allotted, is a commercial pectin. When a commercial pectin is used, really ripe berries, with color and flavor, can be made into jelly and jam. And the juices will set, firm and tender, every time.

Six cups of juice is the largest amount which should be handled at one time. And the kettle used for cooking the juice and sugar mixture should hold at least one gallon. A rolling boil lifts the volume of the syrup higher than yeast ever



Strawberries make wonderful jams, jellies and preserves

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY GENERAL FOODS CORP.

lifts dough. And boiled-over syrup is very hard to clean up, besides being a very common way of wasting sugar.

Place sugar and syrup mixture over very hot heat. A slow heat can be used, but flavor goes off in steam, and the quicker the cooking is over, the better the flavor result.

When using commercial pectin, use either the liquid or the powdered variety. But whichever is available, follow the directions coming with the product as carefully as possible. Good results will surely follow.

Any type of glass jar can be used for these products of open kettle canning. Empty tumblers, small preserve jars, empty mayonnaise jars, or small decorative glass jars, bought expressly for the purpose. These last make a fine display when jelly is put on sale at the Holiday Bazaar. The glasses should be well washed in hot soapy water and held in readiness to be sterilized just before filling. To sterilize, put glasses in a pan on a wooden rack or on a folded towel (so the boiling water won't jar them one against the other), cover with water, bring to a boil and boil twenty minutes. As the juice is ready, pull the glasses

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 46

from the water with tongs, drain and place on towel wrung from hot water, or on a wooden board. Fill with jelly. Cover with melted paraffin.

Any jam or jelly can be sealed with paraffin. Paraffin cannot be used for liquid products, because the seal is too easily broken. But any product that gets stiff when cold can be sealed with paraffin. If paraffin is scarce, the jiffy-seals, made of a cellophane-like material, can be used instead. But these jars must be carefully stored, not stacked, lest any pressure break the seal. A coating of sugar on the cooled jelly, and then a piece of parchment-like paper, tied tightly over the surface of the jar, will seal a jelly or jam effectively. A thin piece of waxed paper directly on the set jam or jelly, and a topping of cardboard, well fitted to the jar, and this capped with a tightly tied parchment-like cover, also is a good seal for this kind of preserve.



Ripe red currants from the hedge, are free for the taking

Jelly loses flavor on standing. It should be used up before the next season comes and it should be kept in a dark, cool storage place, of even temperature. Fermentation and "weeping" have many causes, but one is an inconstant temperature.

BOYSENBERRY JELLY

LOGANBERRY JELLY

RED RASPBERRY JELLY

¾ cups juice
¾ cups sugar

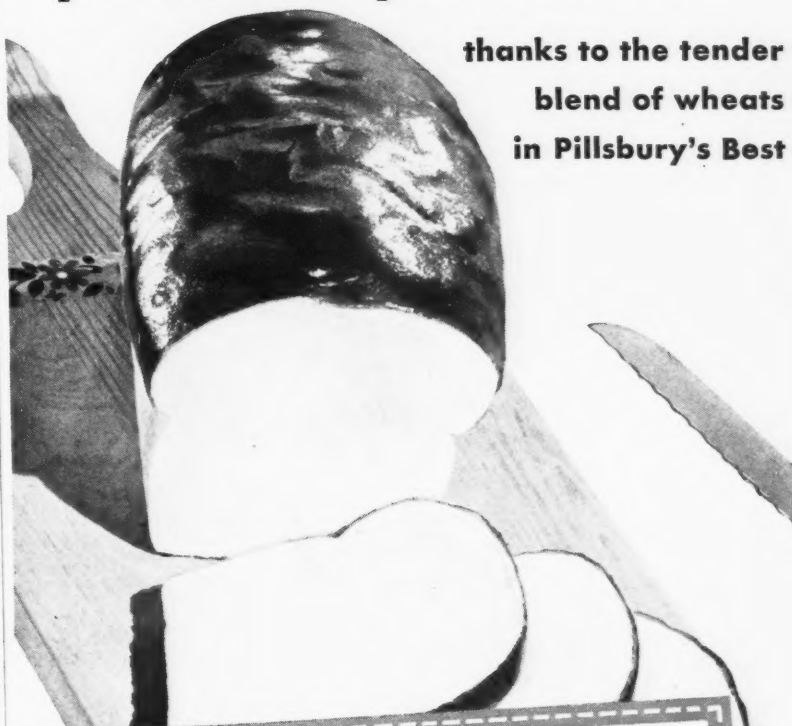
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare juice, crush thoroughly or grind about 2½ quarts fully ripe berries. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure juice into 3 to 4 quart saucepan and place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 8 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

Note: New combination jellies—use above recipe, preparing 3½ cups juice from a 2½ quart mixture of two or more of the berries listed above.

(Continued on page 48)

It melts in your mouth yet sticks to your ribs . . .



thanks to the tender
blend of wheats
in Pillsbury's Best

Recipe for PILLSBURY'S HOME-MADE BREAD

makes 6 big loaves

... with a full, firm texture yet so deliciously
tender it melts in your mouth

TEMPERATURE: 400° F.

- 4 cups scalded milk
- ½ cup sugar
- 3 tablespoons salt
- 6 tablespoons lard

TIME: about 45 to 50 minutes

- 2 cakes compressed yeast
- 4 cups lukewarm water
- 6 quarts (6 lbs.) sifted
PILLSBURY'S BEST Enriched Flour

1. Combine scalded milk, sugar, salt, and lard; stir till dissolved and lukewarm. 2. Soften yeast in ½ c. lukewarm water. Add yeast and remaining water to cooled milk mixture. 3. Sift flour once, then measure. Add ½ to yeast mixture; beat well. Add rest of flour; blend well. 4. Knead on floured board about 10 minutes. 5. Place in greased bowl, cover; set to rise in warm place (80° F. to 85° F.)

about two hours (till impression of finger stays in dough). 6. Punch gas from dough; cover; let rise again for about ½ hour. 7. Put on floured board; flatten out. Cut and mold into 6 balls; let rest (closely covered) for 15 min. Shape into loaves. 8. Place in greased 9x5x3-in. loaf pans; cover; keep in warm place till dough fills pan and center rises above top (about 2 hrs.). Bake in hot oven. Store when cold.

Notice one thing particularly about the bread you make with Pillsbury's Best. It is not only full-bodied, hearty, and substantial; it is so tender it fairly melts in your mouth. The full-bodied, sturdy elasticity comes from certain types of fine wheat; the delicate tenderness from others. By balancing one type of wheat with another, we get what we call the "tender blend" of wheats in Pillsbury's Best. See for yourself how this fine all-purpose flour adds the quality of unusual tenderness to all your baking—from bread to cakes and the most delicate pastry.

For special dry-yeast bread recipe, write to
Pillsbury Flour Mills Company.



FOOD RATIONING HINTS—Make your rationed foods go further by serving, plentifully, baked foods and bread to keep meals satisfying and nourishing.

For example: Bake meat pies with fluffy biscuit topping. Stretch the meat ration with flour-thickened gravy. Serve meat stews with tender dumplings. Stretch canned vegetables in soufflés or with flour-thickened sauces. Stretch canned fruits in puddings, cobblers, shortcakes.

Remember that when you use enriched white flour—which fortunately is plentiful—you further your government's nutrition program. Enriched flour contributes additional calories of food-energy, two B-vitamins, and iron. Combined with milk, it provides body-building protein.



First "E" award in milling industry to
Pillsbury's Springfield, Ill., Mill

*"The music in
my heart I bore
Long after it was
heard no more."*

—WORDSWORTH

MUSIC, to become immortal, requires more than the composer's genius. Glorious though it be, to reach men's hearts and live, it needs the inspired touch of the artist.

The full inspiration that lies in such music, however, depends largely on the richness and clarity of the medium of expression. And, so, wherever you find the love of music and fine organ tone, there, too, you will find appreciation of Möller—builders, for more than sixty-seven years, of the world's finest organs.

Today, Möller's skill and resources are engaged in serving America. But when peace comes, the Möller craftsmen will be building instruments again—instruments which our tone laboratories will ever strive to make more magnificent.


THE ARTIST OF ORGANS—THE ORGAN OF ARTISTS
HAGERSTOWN, MARYLAND

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS

(Continued from page 47)

RIPE RED RASPBERRY JAM

4 cups prepared fruit 6½ cups sugar (or 2
¾ cup fruit pectin cups light corn syrup
and 4½ cups sugar)

To prepare fruit, crush or grind about 2 quarts fully ripe raspberries. Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well. Bring to a full rolling boil. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Then stir and skim by turns for just five minutes to cool slightly, to prevent floating fruit. Pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

Concentrate flavor and color in a jam of ripe blueberries.

SUSAN'S BLUEBERRY JAM

3 cups sugar 1 cup water
4 cups ripe blueberries

Dissolve the sugar in water, then boil until it begins to thicken (225° F.). Add the washed blueberries and cook rapidly 20 minutes longer. Turn into jam pots and cover with paraffin. Approximate yield: 5 one-half-pint jars.

ELDERBERRY-ORANGE JAM

Peel of 3 oranges 1 quart elderberries,
3 cups water cleaned and stemmed
2½ cups sugar

Put the orange peel through a food grinder, add water and let stand over night. Simmer peel and water together, covered, for 2 hours, adding water if necessary. Let stand another 6 to 8 hours. Add elderberries and sugar to the cooked peel and water and cook until thick, stirring frequently. When liquid sheets from spoon, as for jelly test, remove from fire and pour into hot, sterilized glasses. Paraffin when cold. Approximate yield: 5 eight-ounce glasses.

SPARKLING STRAWBERRY JELLY

4 cups berry juice 7½ cups sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, place 5 quarts uncrushed strawberries in kettle. Add ½ cup sugar and mix. This sugar is in addition to 7½ cups specified above. Cover kettle and heat gently until juice starts to flow, then bring just to the simmering point. Place in colander or sieve lined with double layer of cheesecloth. Drain 4 cups juice. (Use remaining fruit for Whole Strawberry Jam below.) Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire and at once add bottled fruit pectin, and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

WHOLE STRAWBERRY JAM

4 cups strawberries 7 cups sugar
½ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, use strawberries remaining from Sparkling Jelly above. Measure sugar and strawberries into large kettle filling up last cup with the excess juice, or water, if necessary. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard one minute.

Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Stir and skim for 5 minutes. Pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

PEACH JAM

4 cups prepared fruit 7½ cups sugar
1 bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel about 3 pounds fully ripe fruit. Grind or chop very fine. If desired, about 3 teaspoons spice may be added. (If peaches lack tartness, add ¼ cup lemon juice in addition to 4 cups prepared fruit.) Measure sugar and prepared fruit, tightly packed, into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard one minute. Remove kettle from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Stir and skim for 5 minutes. Pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RIPE RED CURRANT JELLY

6 cups juice 6½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare juice, crush about 3 quarts or 4½ pounds fully ripe red currants. Add ½ cup water, bring to a boil, and simmer, covered, 10 minutes. Place fruit in jelly cloth or bag and squeeze out juice. (If there is a slight shortage of juice, add small amount of water to pulp in jelly cloth and squeeze again.) Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure juice into a 5 to 6 quart saucepan. Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard ½ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jelly at once. Makes about 12 medium glasses.

RIPE SWEET CHERRY JAM

3½ cups prepared fruit 4 cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, pit about 2½ pounds fully ripe cherries; crush thoroughly or grind. If a stronger cherry flavor is desired, add a few crushed cherry-pit meats to fruit during cooking. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 5 to 6 quart kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of a cup with water if necessary. Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well, and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, ¼ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard one minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 7 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

RIPE PEACH JAM

3½ cups prepared fruit 4½ cups sugar
1 box powdered fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, peel about 2½ pounds fully ripe peaches; pit and grind or crush thoroughly. Measure sugar into dry dish and set aside until needed. Measure prepared fruit into a 5- to 6-quart

kettle, filling up last cup or fraction of cup with water if necessary. Place over hottest fire. Add powdered fruit pectin, mix well and continue stirring until mixture comes to a hard boil. At once pour in sugar, stirring constantly. (To reduce foaming, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon butter may be added.) Continue stirring, bring to a full rolling boil, and boil hard one minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin hot jam at once. Makes about 8 medium glasses.

PLUM JAM

$\frac{4}{5}$ cups prepared fruit $\frac{7}{8}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare fruit, pit about 3 pounds fully ripe fruit. Do not peel. Cut into small pieces and crush thoroughly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water and simmer, covered, 5 minutes. (Sour, clingstone plums give best color and flavor. If sweet plums are used, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice for $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of the prepared fruit specified.) Measure sugar and prepared fruit into large kettle, mix well, and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Stir and skim for 5 minutes. Pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 11 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

CONCORD GRAPE JELLY

4 cups juice 7 cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare juice, stem about $5\frac{1}{2}$ pounds fully ripe grapes and crush thoroughly. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, cover, and simmer 5 minutes. Place in large sieve lined with double layer of cheesecloth. Drain 4 cups juice. (Remove cheesecloth and use fruit remaining in sieve for Concord Grape Butter below.) Measure sugar and juice into large saucepan and mix. Bring to a boil over hottest fire; at once add bottled fruit pectin, stirring constantly. Then bring to a full rolling boil and boil hard $\frac{1}{2}$ minute. Remove from fire, skim, pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 10 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

CONCORD GRAPE BUTTER

5 cups prepared pulp $\frac{7}{8}$ cups sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ bottle fruit pectin

To prepare pulp, rub grapes, remaining from Concord Grape Jelly above, through sieve. Measure sugar and prepared pulp into large kettle. If necessary, fill up last cup with the excess juice or water. Mix well and bring to a full rolling boil over hottest fire. Stir constantly before and while boiling. Boil hard one minute. Remove from fire and stir in bottled fruit pectin. Stir and skim for 5 minutes. Pour quickly. Paraffin at once. Makes about 12 glasses (6 fluid ounces each).

DIRECTIONS FOR CANNING FRUIT OR FRUIT JUICE WITHOUT SUGAR

Fruit and juice may be canned without sugar now and later may be made into jam or jelly with bottled or powered fruit pectin. Directions for all steps follow.

To Prepare Fruit: Follow the directions exactly for preparing fruit in jam recipe. Do not add water or simmer fruit unless
(Continued on page 63)

PAGE 49 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE Tomorrow



TAKE PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA Tonight

Say goodbye to those "morning blues." Get out of bed feeling clear-headed—wide-awake—full of ambition. That's what can happen when you stop letting your stomach *go sour* during the night because of over-indulgence . . . when you give that excessive acidity the one-two action of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

For Phillips' Milk of Magnesia does more than merely neutralize the excess acids—it *finishes the job*. After settling

the stomach, it goes on and acts as a very gentle laxative—promotes a mild yet thorough elimination. It's an ideal laxative-antacid.

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NEW BOOKS TO READ

By

DANIEL A. POLING

(FRANK S. MEAD REVIEWED THE NEW BOOKS
DURING DR. POLING'S ABSENCE ABROAD)



One World, by Wendell Willkie. (86 pp., Simon & Schuster, \$1.00 paper.) Reporting on his recent round-the-world jaunt, Mr. Willkie writes brilliantly of personalities (Montgomery, Chiang, Stalin, ad infinitum) politics, strategy, geography and the future. He is as dogmatic as he is blunt; he is encouragingly fearless in his plea for a cooperative unity among the nations after the peace. Any man who puts his trust in brotherhood will read it with chills racing up and down his spine. What we miss in the volume is a little more definite information as to how that kind of a world is to be won, but that, after all, is not Mr. Willkie's function here. There is an abundance of criticism for the British, a little too much avoidance of the principles and effect of Communism. There is no recognition of the value of religious backgrounds. But in spite of these minor faults, it is a book you must read if you wish to call yourself informed.

We Can Win This War, by Col. W. F. Kernan. (176 pp., Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.) The author of "Defense Won't Win The War" goes positive here, advocating the strategy of "turning the enemy before the battle." He is pretty caustic in his criticism of all generals, leaving the reader with the impression that generals generally are pretty dumb. If so, it is highly expensive dumbness.

The Fight of the Norwegian Church Against Nazism, by Bjarne Høye and Trygve M. Ager. (Macmillan, 180 pp., \$1.75.) Here is the full, terrible story of a dauntless Church struggling under the Hitlerian heel. It is as authentic and stunning as a blow in the face; it is as inspiring as "Pilgrim's Progress" and the Gospel of St. John. Read it, if you would know just what the Church is in for in case Hitler wins—which he will not, if these Norwegians, with their mighty bulwark of a Church, have anything to say about it.

Double, Double, Toil and Trouble, by Lion Feuchtwanger. (Viking Press, 375 pp., \$2.75.) Feuchtwanger writes again of the Nazis. He limns their highest officials (Hitler moves through these pages) in colors and terms not exactly complimentary. His leading character is a pseudo-charlatan, and his description of the effect of the ethics and morals of Nazism upon the human personality is a brilliant piece of work. Not nice, not uplifting, it is nevertheless a book for the times.

Come In, And Other Poems, by Robert Frost. Commentary by Louis Untermeyer. (Henry Holt & Co., 192 pp., \$2.50.) One of America's great contemporary poets really receives his due in these pages; if you love Frost and want a deeper understanding of him and his work, get this! He becomes in these pages as clear and glorious as a New Hampshire birch tree.

FAVORITE HYMNS AND THEIR STORIES

FEW persons know who wrote the words of their best-loved hymns, or the music, and under what circumstances. The interesting and inspiring stories behind each hymn are related by Daniel A. Poling, together with music and beautiful color illustrations by James H. Daugherty, are gathered together in *A TREASURY OF BEST-LOVED HYMNS*, Pickwick Press, 400 Madison Ave., New York City, \$2.50.

The cover on the April issue of *Christian Herald* was from one of the beautiful color illustrations in the book.

George Washington Carver, by Rackham Holt. (Doubleday, Doran & Co., 342 pp., \$3.50.) The superlative biography of one of this generation's superlative Christian scientists: the winsome little agricultural genius who saved the soil of the South and won a reputation and an admiration that laughed at race, creed and color. The book is as winsome as its hero; all America should read it—and then attack the hideous American race problem in its spirit. It is a great contribution to understanding and brotherhood.

We Thought We Heard The Angels Sing, by Lieut. James G. Whittaker. (E. P. Dutton Co., 139 pp., \$1.50.) Much as we praised Rickenbacker's "Seven Came Through," we think this worthy of yet greater praise. For one thing, Whittaker has even more religious emphasis in his account, much more of the change-of-heart, religiously, of these men on the rafts. He also has some other elements (the brutal, searing language of Rickenbacker as he slapped his companions verbally, to make them mad enough to fight for survival) that "Rick" neglected. This is the book to read about that sea saga, if you would know the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Incidentally, it left us with a wish that John Bartek, the really religious hero of them all, would write his account.

Gideon Planish, by Sinclair Lewis. (438 pp., Random House, \$2.50.) I read this from cover to cover, carefully, hoping that Sinclair Lewis would say something, somewhere. He didn't. This is Lewisite—as destructive as the explosive of that name, and far more useless. Aimed at philanthropists, uplifters, lecturers, "do-gooders," it is a poor imitation of Elmer Gantry, which was bad enough. It is one long sneer without one redeeming sparkle.

Bound For Glory, by Woody Guthrie. (428 pp., E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3.00.) This is a record of that section of America that travels in box-cars. It is written in box-car language, which is livid, searing, brutal language. Guthrie rode the freights and lived with the hoboes and the "lower crust" and he pulls no punches writing about them. There is something of Sandburg's roughness here, but none of his splendor; there is, whether we like the language or blush at it, a certain defiant hope in the goodness of the common man. Not pleasant, but fascinating reading in a crude sort of way.

Army Brat, by Tommy Wadeldon. (186 pp., Coward-McCann, \$1.75.) A motherless boy grows to manhood in the care of an army-officer father and a lovable Chinese houseboy named Sui Jen, living in a series of U. S. Army posts. It is hard to tell which is the finest character—the lad or Sui Jen. You'll cry and laugh over both of them. It is a No. 1 book for these times; this reviewer will buy a dozen copies for his friends.

The Historic Church and Modern Pacifism, by Umphrey Lee. (249 pp., Abingdon-Cokesbury, \$2.00.) The work of a scholar, this complete and well-documented study of pacifism all through the

(Continued on page 53)

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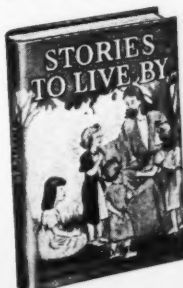


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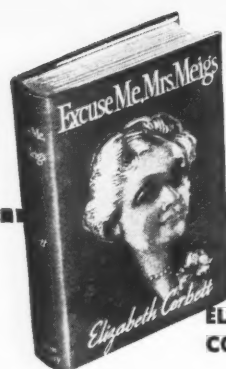
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NANCY OF DEERWANDER FARM

(Continued from page 30)

be molested again, I'll warrant. Guess I'll slip around before school and have a word with Uncle Nathan and Nancy. Heigh-ho, Lady! On your way!"

Several weeks later, Jerry was walking homeward by the light of a half-moon after having spent a pleasant evening with the Hartwells, when a dark figure, running lightly, nearly collided with him on the trail.

"That you, Jerry?" Jonathan Crag's voice was steady but he was breathing hard and fast. "There's a forest fire raging. I've been to your house. Joel's gone up to the lumber camp. Come."

"A fire!" cried Jerry in alarm.

The two raced at top speed to an open ridge, from which were visible, far up the mountainside, clouds of smoke billowing into the sky, and the red glare of flames against the black background of the pine forest.

"It's the lumber camp, or near it," Jerry panted.

"In the cut-over," affirmed Jonathan Crag briefly.

Jerry knew the cut-over well. Only the year before the pine and spruce lumber there had been logged off. Hundreds of tree tops and piles of brush had been left on the ground. This brushwood was brown and dry, needing only a spark to start a fire. Evidently one of the lumbermen, in spite of repeated warnings, had supplied that spark.

Jonathan Crag voiced his fear. "If it gets into the Big Woods it will sweep the mountain. Nothing can stop it."

As they reached the cut-over area above the camp, which was untouched, the fire was sweeping in a broad flare across the clearing, racing toward the Big Woods, the valuable Mead pine lumber lot a quarter of a mile away. Huge blankets of ashes rose and whirled and eddied like storm clouds; a murky pall of smoke enveloped the whole mountainside in a choking fog. Columns of flames shot to the height of tree tops as brush-heaps burst into flames with a roar like that of a gigantic furnace.

A scattered line of men were already on the logging-road that bisected the clearing, fighting to stop the fire at the open space the road afforded. They were working desperately with shovels and pickaxes, hoes and rakes, digging a shallow trench in the scanty soil, raking leaves and pine needles, and tossing brush toward the fire.

Jerry and the Woodcarver joined the workers in the smoky glare. New arrivals constantly lengthened the line, for all the able men and boys on the mountain were coming in. They fought with axes, with blankets and burlap sacks soaked in the nearby brook. Behind them lay their homes—little clearings, with rude cabins and stables in the center of stump- and stone-encumbered fields—homesteads of small value, but holding hope for future security. Silently, doggedly, they battled with the red destroyer, and Jerry worked the harder as he sensed, from the desperation of these sweating men, what the outcome of the conflagration might mean to them.

Men all along the line faltered in their toil, choking, gasping, driven back by the unbearable heat and smoke. Cinders and flaming brands streamed across the old trail, driven by the wind of the roaring conflagration, to kindle other fires on the opposite side and surround the fighters with a sea of flame.

"It's no use, men," Jonathan Crag shouted above the roar of the conflagration. "Fall back to the brook."

Blackened, burned and weary, the fire fighters straggled reluctantly through the slash to the border of the narrow forest stream, where now they determined to make a final stand. If the fire crossed the brook nothing could save the Big Woods to the north of it, or the settlers' homes on its outskirts.

The stream was far too narrow for safety, for the fire would be sure to jump it, but the water in its bed would help. Anxious men scattered along the brookside, dragging blazing brush, setting a line of back-fire to burn a strip in advance of the main mass of roaring flames to starve its fury. Other fighters caught up sacks, and even the coats from their backs, soaking them in the stream, and began beating out the danger edge of the back-fire as it swept down through ranks of grass and weeds to the water's edge.

Then the great surge of the main fire rolled in upon the workers, flinging ahead waves of blistering heat, and up-boiling gray plumes of bitter smoke. Leaping back across the brook the half-strangled fire fighters saw the towering wall of flame soar higher as it met the onrushing line of backfire, then striking the narrow safety belt of burnt-over ground, collapse and die down for lack of fuel.

A hoarse shout went up from dozens of exultant throats. The backfire had held. But burning bark and live embers had sailed through the air. Wisps of flame sprang up at several points in the grass on the farther bank of the stream. These blazing ground fires were, however, quickly trampled out.

The cut-over was now a smoldering, blackened waste, but yet there was no respite for the workers, who dashed away through smoke and over hot ashes, to fight the fire at other points.

For two dangerous and breathless hours the battle was waged, for the flames had entered a belt of hemlock and hardwood on the east and tall trees had to be sacrificed before the axemen could make a gap that would stop the last of the trail of fire.

When finally the victory was won, the disheveled and exhausted fire fighters staggered down to the lumber camp to be ministered to by Doctor Wilkins and a little group of old men and a few of the neighborhood women, who had taken no active part in the fight.

Jerry, thankful as never before for rest and good, clean air to breathe, sank down on a bench near the camp stove on which a huge kettle was steaming. Like others crowding into the shack, shivering in the cold night air now that

(Continued on page 54)

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 52

(Continued from page 51)

history of the Church from Galilee to now will give cold comfort to the pacifists. It seems actually to give the *coup de grace* to their cause. It will correct many a misconception on the part of those who base their objections on the words of Jesus or the statements of churchmen down the ages. This is a book to be studied, not read; it is Grade A reading for the ministers.

The One Thousand Year Conspiracy, by John Winkler. (Chas. Scribners Sons, 381 pp., \$2.75.) If you think Hitler has anything original in his ideas or in his fight against the whole trend of Western civilization, read Winkler's work. The Fuehrer, here, turns out to be a poor copyist of earlier Germans who, according to the author's well-documented pages, have had their *Deutschland Uber Alles* idea in their blood for a thousand years. His evidence is compelling; we see no chance of denying it. His conclusions are based on fact, not fancy, and it will make a lot of people wonder whether the current distinction between the Nazis and the German people will really hold water. It gives a new background to the war; it outlines neglected causes; it must be read carefully before we attempt to make a peace.

Abner Jarvis, by W. T. Person. (Westminster Press, 256 pp., \$2.00.) Grade A reading for youth—and for those who want to stay young. Abner wears overalls that hide a great heart; he goes to agricultural school, meets laughter and makes his scornors laugh. He has a homespun, down-on-the-farm philosophy and speech—and a hound-dog for a companion—that will make you laugh, weep and cheer. Person is one writer in a million.

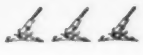




Someone To Remember, by Jean Potts. (Westminster Press, 256 pp., \$2.00.) At once tender and rugged, the "Aunt Kate" of this story is one of those people who are the salt of the earth. She acts as salt on her little town of Sand Creek; she is the kind of wholesome character we wish Sinclair Lewis could meet and write about. Required reading for all who believe in the ultimate goodness of humanity, this is real CHRISTIAN HERALD writing.

Valley In Arms, by Earl Schenck Miers. (Westminster Press, 348 pp., \$2.50.) Here is your really adequate historical novel. It leaves out the dirt and puts in just about everything else. Its background is the settlement days of the Connecticut Valley; in it is massacre, Indian warfare, piracy, hardship, triumph, romance, and drama with a thousand facets. It smacks of Kenneth Roberts and Hervey Allen; it is as zestful as they are, and it is, somehow, a lot more wholesome. No finer novel for youth has been written in this decade.

Stairs of Sand, by Zane Grey. (321 pp., Harper & Brothers, \$2.00.) The old zestful Zane Grey didn't write "Stairs of Sand." It might make a fifth-rate movie, but as a book it is melodrama that will be mistaken for comedy.

PAGE 53 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

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NANCY OF DEERWANDER FARM

(Continued from page 52)

the excitement and heat of the conflict was over, he was tattered and blistered and utterly spent. When Mrs. Kelly brought him a mug of hot coffee he gulped it eagerly.

Uncle Nathan and Jonathan Crag came in presently, having circled the burnt-over area with a lantern, and reported all danger of fire was over. Uncle Nathan took off and shook his eared fur cap and brushed hard pellets of sleet from his shoulders. The long-expected snowstorm was at hand, he said.

The fire crew shrugged into their scorched over-garments and left in groups of two or three for the cold homeward tramp. No one was spending the night at the camp, so soon to be storm-bound. Uncle Nathan carefully closed the dampers of the stove.

"Come, Jerry," he said. "No use waiting for Joel any longer."

"Queer he didn't say he was going," Jerry wondered. "But maybe he had a chance to ride, or more likely had his own horse hitched somewhere below."

When Jerry reached home there was a light in the living room and his mother was asleep on the sofa. She started up at the sound of the closing door.

"Is the fire out? Where's Joel?" she questioned.

"Hasn't he come yet?" Jerry exclaimed in dismay. "I don't know where he is, mother."

"I don't see what Joel can be doing out this time of night, if the fire's out. Perhaps he stayed up at the lumber camp."

"Perhaps he is there—now," said Jerry. "But it's coming on to snow and—and he might have trouble getting down tomorrow. Give me Dad's storm lantern. I'll take Lady and go after him."

Jerry was numb with cold and fatigue when Lady brought him at last to the door of the camp. It loomed dark and forsaken in the ghostly swirl of the storm. There was no stir of life within. With a sinking heart, Jerry shoved open the door, to meet only silence and emptiness.

"Dad!" Jerry lifted his despairing shout above the voices of the storm. "Dad! Where are you?"

From somewhere in the woods, beyond the burned-over wasteland, its cinders and ashes now covered with snow, there seemed to come a faint answer. Was it an echo, some night bird's cry, or the creaking of a tree branch?

With Lady following close, her nose touching his shoulder now and then, Jerry lighted his way on foot across the clearing, stopping often to call and listen. Only keen ears could have heard the voice, so faint it was and far away. The little mare's uneasy sense of something strange in the woods ahead told in her every alert movement. Suddenly she snorted and leaped aside. So Jerry came at last upon his step-father, his face contorted with pain, his body pinned down to the ground by a fallen tree.

As Jerry tugged mightily at the imprisoning beech, Joel Mead, in feeble, halting words, told a little of what had happened, and Jerry could guess the rest. Joel had been struck down by one of the

hurriedly felled hardwood trees sacrificed to stop the onswEEP of the forest fire. He had lain there unconscious and unseen by the wood-choppers, while the flames, which fortunately did not reach so far into the woods, were at length beaten out. When he had recovered consciousness he was alone in the storm, nearly frozen, and unable to move.

Jerry had to fetch an axe from the camp and cut off a large branch before he could free the injured man, who had again become insensible. Not knowing the extent of his step-father's injuries, Jerry dared not move him. To leave him lying on the frozen ground was equally impossible. Brought face to face with such responsibility, Jerry's good sense and courage responded with the best possible solution of the problem. Help he must have. Swiftly he raced back to camp, fetched all the blankets from the bunks, and as gently as possible wrapped the helpless man in them. Then mounting shivering Lady, he rode furiously for old Doctor Wilkins.

It was New Year's Eve at the old brown house; and the first time Jerry had come for a visit since his step-father, some two weeks before, had been carried down the mountain by the hands of careful neighbors. A trained nurse was still in attendance at the Mead home, for a consultation of doctors had given a verdict of spinal injury, and it would be a year, or perhaps longer, before Joel Mead could leave his bed; but there were hopes of his complete recovery in the future.

Those weeks had proved a distracting time for Jerry, what with anxiety for his step-father and business responsibilities that so suddenly had descended upon his shoulders. But Uncle Nathan and Jonathan Crag had stood staunchly by, to Jerry's and Mrs. Mead's everlasting gratitude.

It was with a comfortable sigh of relaxation that Jerry stretched his long length on the braided rug beside old Samp in the firelight, indolently watching Lynnie and Penny tending their roasting apples. Elva was on a cricket at her grandfather's knee. Nancy, in the shadow, was playing softly her Song of the Mountain.

Outside, deep snow shrouded the weather-beaten house; each window was frosted with ice-ferns and fringed with icicles; and through the dark pine grove, where the flying squirrels slept snug in tree hollows with their furry tails for coverlets, swept the keen north wind. But within the familiar old kitchen there was warmth and the rare charm of tried-and-true comradeship.

"It's New Year's Eve," Nancy said, putting away her flute. "Let's name the wishes that we want most to come true next year. You first, Uncle Nathan."

Looking contentedly at the bright faces in the firelight, Uncle Nathan said: "Well, it's been a pretty good year—a good growing year. I guess I couldn't make any wish that would suit me better than to see you young folks keep right on going just the way you're headed now."

THE END.

("Nancy of Deerwander Farm" will be published in book form by L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 54

The Pleasure Of Giving

Do you have pleasure in your giving? Have you shared that pleasure with the children of your family? No child's education is complete without the growing in grace that comes of understanding and sacrifice. The child who learns to sacrifice so that he may give to the poor has been awakened to the fact that there are others less fortunate than he; knows his good fortune and the pleasure there can be in sharing with others.

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THE HUMAN COMEDY

(Continued from page 31)

of his dead father and immortality is as holy a scene, as soul-shaking a scene as you will ever see in any church. There is a company of youthful soldiers on a troop-train singing "Leaning On the Everlasting Arms," and it is one of the most powerful sermons ever preached in America. I say that advisedly and humbly, as a preacher. There is a prayer spoken softly by a young soldier riding a flat-car in the shadow of a big grim gun; it made me ask myself, "Why don't we all pray like that?" There is religion in this picture—religion pure and undefiled and as glorious as I have ever seen it pictured anywhere.

The seamy side is here, too; no picture of life in a small town would be an honest picture without it. Frank Morgan, as the pitiable alcoholic telegraph operator who takes from his key the whole endless story of human frailty, foolishness, love, pain and pleasure, is a temperance lesson if there ever was one.

I warn you: You will weep when you see it. But after the tears are gone, you will be humming "Leaning On the Everlasting Arms" and you will be strangely still with that hopefulness that needs no words and you will be saying, "This is me. This is us." And you will believe more than ever in—us, and in the American Dream, and in the ultimate golden goodness of man, woman, child and youth as they play out their several parts in "The Human Comedy".

PAGE 55 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

H. H. KUNG, COOPERATOR

(Continued from page 15)

ment called The Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, and more than one authority on China is saying today that the hope of China—aye, the hope of the whole world for world peace—lies in this cooperative idea. It is one of the most spectacular and forward-looking movements in the world, and it is typical of Kung that he should have identified himself with it so early. As far back as 1907, while he was a graduate student at Yale, he was active in one of the first college "co-ops" in America. It left a deep mark upon him.

The war came on. Here were 50,000 refugees who had been driven out of Occupied China into Free China. A majority of them were skilled workers from the factories and shops in the seacoast cities. How were they to be fed and housed? Could these skills be used in any way? The Chinese Industrial Cooperatives, as suggested by a committee of foreign and Chinese leaders, was certainly the answer. Dr. Kung joined wholeheartedly in the plan for rebuilding China's countless small and light industries on a cottage and cooperative basis. This would use the skills for producing supplies in China's great need.

Thus it was no accident that Dr. Kung became president of the Industrial Cooperative Movement. He is a zealot in his faith that through these co-ops—industrial, rural and consumers'—real and lasting democracy and peace shall come to China, and perhaps through China to the world.

"You see," he was saying, "the co-operators in America, joining with us, and joining with cooperators all over the world, can help much to save us from our old economic mistakes and chaos, by promoting small industries, consumers' stores, people's savings banks and cooperative marketing organizations in which all will share the work and the profit.

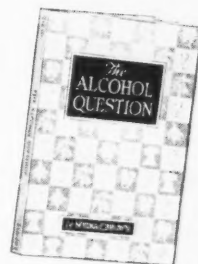
"If the cooperative system can grow up voluntarily in China, surely it could grow in countries where more modern ideas, agriculturally and industrially, have been growing for years while China was supposed to be 'asleep!' And if it did grow, don't you think it would work wonders in establishing peace?"

To say the least of it, I was impressed, for just a few days before I had visited a Machine Shop Cooperative in Chungking. In the yard of that co-op I saw the remains of an old marine boiler. It was rusted, and covered with scale. Yet the men of that co-op with no equipment save a sledge hammer, two large jacks, an acetylene torch and a lot of energy and brains, took that old wreck of a boiler and made five small cracking plants out of it. They are now producing 10,000 gallons of gasoline a day out of tung oil. This shop was typical. Not a thing was thrown away. Even old rivets, bolts and nuts were salvaged and put back to work. A two-inch nut is worth \$60.00 in Chinese currency; the total value of the pile of scrap in that yard was about \$60,000. They saved every bit of it—something the workers in such a yard in America would never think of doing. For what would they get out of that?

This is the spirit and determination of
(Continued on page 58)

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Straight Talk

Edited by FRANK S. MEAD

Temperance Series

Dear Editor:

At first, when I read Mrs. John L. Whitehurst's article on temperance (April issue) I was indignant that you should have her say it was not drinking at the camps but outside (the camps) that was the trouble. And she said there is need of teaching temperance in the schools. That need is there, but also in the homes where they serve cocktails and where so many get the taste of alcohol. . . It is in the condoning of moderate drinking that the danger lies . . . and *Christian Herald* has stood high for temperance. . .

Redlands, Calif.

Mrs. S. S. Underhill

• *Christian Herald* did not tell Mrs. Whitehurst to say anything; we never tell any writer to say anything, for if we did we wouldn't have writers worth reading. We select those who we think have something to say, those who are important enough to say it, and those who are in a position to know whereof they speak. The editor who tried to tell such leaders of American life as we have writing this temperance series what they could or couldn't say about temperance would lose not only the respect of the leaders, but the respect of his readers as well.

And *Christian Herald* well understands that all its readers will not agree with all these people have to say. We must take whatever chances are involved here, for what we are attempting is to secure for our audience a cross-section of thought on this all-important question. But be ye well assured of this: *Christian Herald* will depart not one fraction of an inch from its historic position on the liquor traffic; we shall fight it to the end.

Home For Preachers

• A letter reaches us asking whether we know any preachers who want to retire and live in Florida. It comes from The Memorial Home Community, located at Penney Farms, Florida. The home was established in 1926 by J. C. Penney, for retired clergymen, missionaries, YMCA and educational workers. It accommodates 93 families. Only persons desiring a permanent residence are admitted—and there is room for several admissions, right now. If you're interested, or if you know of someone who might be, write Elmer

R. Eckis, Supt., Memorial Home Community, Penney Farms, Florida.

Movie Reviews

Dear Editor:

I was sorry you dropped your movie reviews. The pictures we saw after reading your recommendations were thoroughly enjoyed. Without some measuring-stick to go by, a person is at a loss to know which pictures are worthwhile. . . Why shouldn't pictures be judged by Christian standards? Auburn, Calif.

A Reader

• We haven't exactly dropped movie reviews; we now review those really big pictures, those really worthwhile ones, as they come. There may be only two or three or four of them a year; you'll be reading about them. (You'll read about "The Human Comedy" in this issue.) Frankly, there is so much Class B and Class Z stuff in the movies that we can't begin to give space to all of it. Nor should we. We shall cover those that meet the *Christian Herald* standard.

Anonymous Letters

• On our desk lies a file marked "Anonymous Letters." We seldom look at it; when we do, we wish we might throw the whole business into the wastebasket. We save those letters because there are still libel laws on the statute books, but you can rest assured they get a scant and hasty reading.

One came in only yesterday, addressed to Dorothy Canfield Fisher, blasting her for something she said in her April piece on the Japanese ("Exiles in America"). Mrs. Fisher didn't seem the least blasted, when she read it; she says she never reads anonymous letters unless the editor asks her to. She respects the sentiments of the writer of that letter—but not his courage!

Please—if you haven't the courage to sign your name, don't write!

Lady Preacher

Dear Editor:

I was amazed and delighted to read about the shortage of ministers and chaplains, and amazed to read that "... laymen who haven't preached for years, and EVEN WOMEN are being drafted into the pulpit."

My husband is a chaplain in the Thirty-Fifth Field Artillery . . . and on leaving his parish of seven churches which he had

served for five years, I was called by the two largest churches to be their pastor for a year. When it became obvious that the year's leave of absence was going to stretch "for the duration," they asked me to serve for that time. So here I am keeping house for three children and trying to carry on the work of the churches. The people are perfectly wonderful to me; they seem to accept quite simply the fact that the Lord can use EVEN WOMEN. . . Let me say in all fairness that the only antipathy I have met has come mostly from the preachers. They act as if I were a child playing a game and must be humored. As for giving me credit for having a mind, why that would be absurd. . .

Please do not take too unkindly my criticism; it just seemed that the expression, "even women" leaped from the page and bumped right into my sense of humor. I really enjoy your magazine as a whole, but please, next time, try to consider the fact that women were made to stand beside men and not behind them. If God can use us, you can act not so completely taken by surprise.

New Matamoras, Ohio, Mrs. A. H. Giuliano

• Mrs. Giuliano's letter bumped squarely into our sense of humor. We like her, and her letter, and we're inclined to agree with her. We suppose there really isn't any good reason why women shouldn't be preachers. If they are good enough to support the Church, they must be good enough to help lead it. Nor could we ever quite understand the ecclesiastical apathy to the lady preacher. Why is it, ministers?

We wish Mrs. Giuliano every success in her work; if *Christian Herald* can help her, we shall help her gladly!

Thank You!

Dear Editor:

I was swamped by the response to the item in "Straight Talk" in your February number. Thousands of copies of *Christian Herald* from Maine to California came to me. In my street meetings in our small cotton towns I stood on Main Street passing out these copies, and it wasn't long before everybody in sight had one. . . Thank you, Sir, and thank your readers for me!

Tucson, Ariz.

W. L. Smith

• Reader Smith is no more grateful than the editors of *Christian Herald*. This is the brand of sharing we need. Don't let your copy of the magazine rot in the basement; pass it around!

'Teen Ages

Dear Editor:

I'm disgusted. For the past two summers, when I have been vacationing in one of our large American cities, I have found that Sunday School classes for the 'teen ages have been dispensed with for the summer. What do your other readers think of this practice?

Union, Washington, Mrs. Gordon J. Squire

• We sympathize with the 'teen agers in a great many other respects; they are the "problem class" in every Sunday School, but that's no reason for deserting them. This question

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 56

brings up the whole problem of summer closing; it is more and more a case of the whole church closing down, as well as the church school. Frankly, we think it wrong. The devil never takes a vacation. . . .

Disciples, 1943

• This issue carries the second in the series of "Disciples, 1943." These disciples will be men and women who are really doing things as Kingdom builders. Some of them will be world-famous figures, but not all. We have an idea that there are folks who have never made the headlines, obscure but devoted and effective Christians all over the nation and the world, who should receive their due before it comes time to send flowers to the funeral.

Do you know such folks? If you do, write us today and tell us about them. We prefer that they be laymen or laywomen, but ministers are not ruled out. Write us now.

Ministerial Monkeying

Dear Editor:

One morning recently, over the radio, I heard a young clergyman begin his morning broadcast with "The Lord is my shepherd, I should worry." He closed with the same words. Does this show a deplorable lack of respect for things religious, or am I an old fogey, or what?

Elizabeth H.

• Well, if you are an old fogey, you have plenty of company. This is one reason why so many people stay away from church. When we desert the Father's business for ministerial monkey-business, we make religion repulsive. Or is it religion, at all? Perhaps the broadcaster should go back to seminary and get a new definition of religion.

A New One

Dear Editor:

.... Why don't you people at *Christian Herald* head up a new movement to make people walk more and ride less? We're getting so we have to use the car just to go around the corner for a loaf of bread. It will fix us, physically, if we don't stop it. Somebody should do something about it. Chicago, Ill.

George A. Grainger

• We appreciate the confidence Reader Grainger has in our ability to lead a movement and to do something about all this, but frankly—we're leading quite enough movements now. If we could get this liquor business out of the way, satisfactorily, we might have time to help make people walk, but we have an idea that we would be facing a longer fight there than we face with the booze problem.

Maybe, after all, we have enough movements already. Perhaps what we need are a few new hearts.

PAGE 57 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

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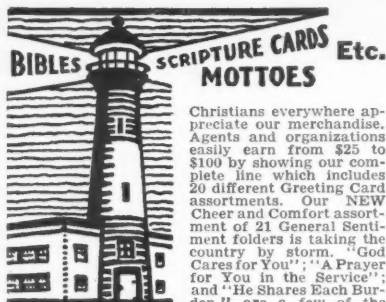
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H. H. KUNG, COOPERATOR

(Continued from page 55)

New China. This is the spirit that drove them when they built that system of "guerrilla industry" (small, quickly-movable manufacturing units) that kept them going in the face of the Japanese invader, and which the invader was powerless to halt even though he cut the Burma Road. It has made the Chinese people the wonder of the modern world.

I sat there and reminded myself that this man was head of 1,592 Cooperative Societies, producing more than \$60,000,000 (Chinese currency) worth of goods a month. I tried to figure out what such energy and organization as this might mean to the rest of the working world, if it really got into high gear with the coming of the peace. I hardly heard him say, as I got up to go:

"We must work together, your country and mine. We must cooperate, China and America and all the other nations, to build the kind of new world we all want. This is my purpose. To this have I dedicated my life."

It is an interesting thing, is it not? No—it is a disturbing thing, enough to keep us awake nights. What will happen to the West when the East really becomes organized, economically? What will happen to us all if we try to prop up our old system of economics and trade while China is blazing ahead with an economic and trade set-up in the interests of all the people and not a privileged few? What will happen to our standard of living when it clashes with this potential flood of goods, produced in such quantity and at such economy, by the Oriental? Aye—it's something to lie awake and think about.

What do we do now? Shall we compete? Or—cooperate?

FIRST LADY OF THE WORLD

(Continued from page 19)

our world's leaders, when she stood in Madison Square Garden in New York City and acknowledged her debt and the debt of her country to Jesus Christ. Said Madame Chiang, Christian, as blase, race-conscious, faith-careless New York cheered wildly:

"... There must be no bitterness in the reconstructed world. No matter what we have undergone or suffered, we must try to forgive those who injured us and remember only the lesson gained thereby. The teachings of Christ radiate ideas for the elevation of souls and intellectual capacities far above the common passions of hate and degradation. He taught us to help our less fortunate fellow-beings, to work and strive for their betterment without ever deceiving ourselves and others by pretending that tragedy and ugliness do not exist. He taught us to hate the evil in men, but not the men themselves."

Thus speaks the daughter of the little Chinese cabin-boy who went to church in a strange land because somebody asked him to go. Thus speaks the First Lady of the World who holds fast to that which is the hope of the world—to that which came to her from a Methodist parsonage in Georgia, a praying Christian mother in Cathay.

GOD'S LIFE-LINE

(Continued from page 33)

led them to Christ and baptized them on the spot. Being a Presbyterian, I didn't need to wait for deep water.' But—Presbyterians or Baptists—what difference did it make, in Casablanca?

"I asked another chaplain to go with me to a town a few miles away, and he shook his head: 'Sorry. Can't do it tonight. I've got the Jewish service today.' He was a Protestant—what did he mean, his Jewish service? I found out what he meant; I found out that one week the Roman Catholic chaplain would lead the Jewish meeting and the next my Protestant friend would take over.

"I dropped in on one prayer-meeting in Chaplain John E. Sjanken's quarters immediately in front of an airfield; the field had been bombed shortly before the meeting started, but nobody mentioned that; it was just routine, all in the day's work. The boys drifted in, in their worn uniforms, caked with mud and dirt. They sat down quietly on their helmets or on the floor, parked their Tommy-guns and waited for the chaplain to begin. One boy made the prayer—and what a prayer! They sang a hymn. Then Sergeant James Romer read the opening passages of the 'Sermon on the Mount.' My heart nearly stopped when he read, 'Blessed are the peacemakers, (not the pacifists!) for they shall be called the children of God.' That boy closed the book and said, 'That's a good place to stop.' Then they got up, silently, and went out. They believe they are peacemakers. They know what they are fighting and dying for, they know that the evil might of the Axis must be broken but also they insist that now is the time to begin planning the peace.

"Sir," said one boy to me. 'Sir, we couldn't make it without the chaplains. Just couldn't make it. We couldn't go on without them. You don't know what they mean to us.' Ah, but I did know. No man with two good eyes and half a heart can miss seeing and knowing what the chaplain means out there. Prayer, faith, religion mean everything. And every last soldier, from private to General Eisenhower, know they mean everything. Speaking of General Eisenhower—let me tell you what I heard about him in London. He was in London, you know, when he was ordered to North Africa for the invasion. When he got those orders, and when less than a dozen men knew the orders, he called in his Chief of Chaplains, and said to him, 'Sir, I am about to go on the most important mission of my life. It will take everything that I have. I want you to pray with me.' He's a great general—and also I found him to be a great patriot and Christian.

"I found many officers like him. I sat at dinner with a group of officers one night in French Morocco, and when General Wilson learned that I was accredited as a correspondent for CHRISTIAN HERALD, he said quietly, 'Christian Herald! I've known it since I was a kid. Just before I came to Africa, I went up into my mother's old attic and found a pile of Heralds my mother and grandmother had read. I sat there on the floor and read them again.' And then, hard-bitten, tough-as-

nails Colonel Flint chimed in: 'The Christian Herald and The Signs of the Times! Man alive, I was raised on that diet in northern Vermont.'

"We sat around for another hour, and then they started singing. Colonel Perkins (of radio fame, back home) and another colonel, an ex-mayor of Detroit, took turns playing the piano. And what do you think they sang? 'Oh Little Town of Bethlehem,' 'Silent Night, Holy Night' and the great hymns of the Church along with all the Irish ballads you ever heard."

We wondered about the religion of the fighting man. Just what kind of religion was it? Fundamentalist, Modernist, radical, conservative, or—what?

"It isn't any of that," he replied. "That all disappears out there. The faith they have is grass-roots faith, down-to-earth faith. It doesn't wait for formal theology. I think there are two clearly defined elements to this faith. First, there is the desire for refuge, for protection in peril, for a spiritual shield. Do you remember the hymn we used to sing, 'Jesus is a rock in a weary land'? That's it. They want the God who has been 'Our help in ages past . . . our shelter from the stormy blast.' The other element is the craving for comradeship, for the Great Companion Himself. They want to be sure that the Father is there—as sure as Jesus was when he said, 'But I am not alone, for the Father is with me.' They pray often, very often, and each in his own way. 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.'

"You see a lot of religious medals among the Roman Catholic boys; that's a part of the craving for protection, too. You see those medals among the Italians who come over in surrender; they come through the lines laughing and shouting 'Vive la Americaine' and holding up their fingers in the 'V for Victory' sign, happy that the war is over for them. They may think their religious medals have saved them. But underneath, in all of them, is a spiritual urge that is not to be found in medals.

He spoke now of the strength that came to the men. From the Church back home—and through the ever-present chaplain at the front and everywhere. And God help them—and us—if the churches back home flunk their job of getting chaplains out to them. They just couldn't go on.

He was really excited over this. And so would we be, if we had seen what he has just seen. He talked of wounds and sudden desert death; of the amazing "Trinity" (that's the word) of cooperation and sympathy which exists out there between Medical Corps, Red Cross and the chaplains; of these healers and rescuers who carry no guns but who give themselves to the limit to help those who do. "They also fight who help the fighters fight!" He talked of a group of nurses at Base Hospital 77—University of Kansas girls, most of them—so tired they could hardly walk, going ceaselessly from cot to cot, stretcher to stretcher, caring for one thousand wounded in a hospital built to hold 750. He talked of chaplains "out on their feet."

(Continued on page 61)



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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS

(Continued from page 45)

of His love push us out into the busy places where people are who need us. Along the way Jesus walked in Palestine were blind men who saw, lame men who ran and leaped for joy, yes, and dead men who lived. *Along the path you are walking, does anything happen like that?* Do flowers of happiness bloom where you step? "Have you tried the way of love?" is the theme of a recently read book. The question follows me long after the book has been closed. The way of love is Christ's way, the Christian's way.

JUNE
27

JOHN'S COUNSEL TO CHRISTIANS

2 JOHN 4-11; 3 JOHN 5-12

HOW IT WOULD HAVE surprised John to know that these centuries later, millions of Christians would not only read these personal letters but use them as a basis for study. His second letter was written to "the elect lady," probably a personification of one of the churches. We still use the feminine pronoun for the Church. The third letter was addressed to a loyal churchman named Gaius. If we have pictured the gospel of the apostle of love as being indifferent to matters of faith, these letters must startle us. True love is discriminating and often disciplinary.

John offers no new commandment, no new deal for the Kingdom. It is the old, old theme of love that he commends to a disturbed and confused Church. "Love is the fulfillment of the law." It was this theme that Jesus preached and lived. Love is not the disregard of the law. Father has won his way with his small son just as soon as the boy begins to choose between right and wrong with the motive of pleasing the father. Discipline is still necessary in our homes and in our world because love is so rare. There must be obedience to law or our whole social order will fall apart. Swiftly as possible the hickory stick and the vast machinery of war must be replaced by inner sanctions. It is this that led one of the greatest and most heroic women of our time, Madame Chiang, to express no hope for the post-war world unless hate gives way to love. He who really loves has the secret of a new and better world.

DOES THE APOSTLE of love warn against indiscriminate hospitality? So it seems. The loving parent does well to know the character of the children's friends. An English philosopher said when applying for a room, he always asked the landlady what her belief was with regard to the universe. The ideals of the persons who frequent our homes will have much to do with the shaping of the attitudes of the children. The late Mrs. E. C. Cronk, one of the truly great Christian leaders of yesterday, often spoke of the influence upon her own life of the guests her father entertained. Missionaries, pastors, secretaries of church boards, lay leaders came in a constant stream to her parsonage home. Invitations to a Christian home must be given with thought for both guest and home.

This fellow Diothrephes, who loved preëminence, still lives in the Church.

John the Baptist was of a different stamp. Only a preacher who has drawn crowds to hear him can understand what it cost John the Baptist to declare, "He must increase but I must decrease." The Church suffers from inflated egos. "Nothing wistful about him" was the revealing comment of a young woman who went to hear a much publicized preacher. Jesus had His bitterest opposition from men who were too well satisfied with themselves. Sincere humility is in the very heart of love. "Christ is all in all, or not at all" to the Christian.

DAILY MEDITATIONS

(Continued from page 43)

some negligence on the part of a signalman. To the credit of that minister be it said that not only did he not seek to have the signalman punished but he wrote the man a letter breathing forgiveness. He said he did not want the man to have any unhappy memories. Whatever relief came to that man—and it must have been great—the writer himself must have been made happier because of his forgiving spirit.

Lord, Thou canst not dwell in our hearts until we have cast out all petty feeling, all unholy desires. Amen.

TUESDAY, JUNE 29

UNANSWERED PRAYER

"YE KNOW NOT WHAT YE ASK."

READ MATTHEW 20:20-28

GOD, in His mercy, does not answer all our prayers. If our prayers were answered precisely as we wished this would not be a world of moral discipline but rather a place for our self-destruction. When his child was ill David prayed and fasted but the child died. Paul prayed that his thorn in the flesh might be removed but it was not. Our Lord Himself prayed in Gethsemane that the cup of suffering might be taken from him but it was not. "Our prayer has reached its fullest strength when we prefer the Father's will to our own."

Father, in Thy mercy hear our prayers and answer them according to Thy wisdom. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30

THE FAITH OF A GREAT MAN

"WITH ALL THY MIND."

READ LUKE 10:25-28

IN 1893 the mayor of New York said to his pastor, Rev. Dr. K. B. Tupper: "If I could have a declaration of absolute faith in Christ from a great thinker such as the statesman, William Ewart Gladstone, it would buttress my faith immensely." Dr. Tupper wrote to Gladstone asking him for a frank statement. This was his reply: "All I think, all I am, all I hope, is based on the divinity of Jesus Christ. He is the central hope of our poor human race."

Lord, we live but a day in Thy sight; may it be filled with loving service to Thee and to all mankind. Amen.

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 60

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GOD'S LIFE-LINE
(Continued from page 59)

"I stood in the Gafsa Military Cemetery a little later, watching Chaplains Chase (Protestant), MacEvoy (Roman Catholic), and Stone (Jewish) bury the dead of that day. Never, never shall I forget that. They were weary and sleepless but they went on, performing those last rites which no Christian would deny the dead, anywhere—those rites we take so much for granted back home. It is nothing short of a miracle, or the grace of God, that these dead in Tunisia get a religious burial. Or is it due to the all-out devotion of the chaplains available?"

"I came back from that eight days at the front and the Gafsa Cemetery to read the Chief of Chaplains' plea for 4,000 more chaplains in 1943. Read it, and think. Read it and think now, before it is too late. Here is an opportunity, for the Christian people of this nation, without parallel in our history. And here is an opportunity for the Christian minister, unsurpassed since Jesus Christ hung upon His Cross.

"Our Protestant churches are generally far behind in their quotas. We must close ranks now; we must make up this deficit quickly. We must send chaplains to the camps and ships and to all the fronts."

It's hard to be normal, quiet, unexcited about that, when you sit down and think it through. Men and boys we all know are in North Africa, the Solomons, Australia, China, paying the ultimate price, and paying it for us. What if they be left alone, without the help, the presence of the chaplain? What if just one boy be lost in that fearful night? What if he puts out his hand to touch God's life-line in that darkness—and finds that we have failed to put it there? If we fail at this, shall they ever forgive us? Will even God himself find it hard to forgive us? Yes, an opportunity unsurpassed since Jesus Christ hung on His Cross!

SERMON

(Continued from page 35)

whatever was small wanted to be large, whatever was, wanted to be more so." Yes, we developed a sort of addition complex by which we thought we could solve our ills by getting more of what we had. Thus our nerves grew ragged and our morals ran loose. Then came a depression. And now another war.

The question is, will we repeat the wasteful procedure after this present war, or will we learn how to play so that our diversions and recreation will truly recreate our exhausted powers? To find our pleasure in simple things, to get our satisfaction from the non-competitive sources open to us all, to revel in noble music, to rediscover the joys of good conversation, good friendships, good homes—such is the kind of play that recreates our wasted powers. And if we can return to it, then God "will restore the years that the locust hath eaten."

Let us turn to a third function by which men live—love. Love is to life what leaves are to a tree. Just as leaves breathe in from the air and sunshine the elements essential to the life of a tree, so love draws from our environment that which



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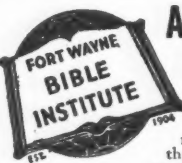
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enables us to live as human beings. And just as a locust, by stripping a tree of its leaves, depletes its very life, so anything which strips love from our lives destroys the very heart of our being. Certainly Christ made it clear that love is the supreme essential of a Christian. He said: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another." Whatever else a Christian may or may not have, one thing he must have to qualify as a Christian is love.

If we can develop strength without bitterness; if we can tighten our belts without hardening our hearts; if out of these wartime sacrifices we learn, as did the early Christians from their sufferings, "what is the breadth and length and depth and height" of love; if in our peril and tribulation we discover, as did Paul, that we can be "more than conquerors" through him that loved us—then God "will restore the years that the locust hath eaten."

But now let us suppose that we succeeded in reclaiming our wasted powers of work and play and love, still something is missing. There is a fourth essential by which men live, and that is *worship*.

What have the years done to our habits of worship? Are we among those who say that they were made to go to church so much in their childhood that they got enough to last them the rest of their lives? Have we geared ourselves to such a nervous state of activity that we cannot compose our minds enough to "wait upon the Lord", to be still and know that He is God? And what is the war doing to our habits of worship? My observation is that war is sending more and more persons to their knees and to their altars. But by no means all. Some feel themselves too busy in war work to stop for worship. Remember that Marshal Foch, who led the Allies to victory in the last war, was wont to attend religious services each morning. Perhaps the recent record of France might have been different if all her leaders had retained the devout spirit of the great Foch.

Sir George Adam Smith once declared that men never really discover the power of prayer until their prayers look up to God like wounded animals with great large round eyes of pain. Certainly all thinking persons are today lifting their faces to the Lord like wounded animals. In this mood we shall rediscover the power of worship. We shall see that beneath the sod bloodied by war the roots still draw the healing sap, that love is stronger than hate, that life is stronger than death, and God will "restore the years that the locust hath eaten."

STUBBORN CHILD

(Continued from page 37)

drawn up to appropriate money—yes, tax money!—to provide care for the insane. The bill was recommended by the committee in charge of Miss Dix's memorial. It came to a vote. Breathless, she waited in Dr. Channing's library to hear the result, in the retirement suitable to a lady of her time. All her intense personality was tautly quivering in suspense. When they came to tell her, "Your bill was passed," a great calm filled her fiery heart. She said reverently, "Father, I thank Thee," and dedicated herself, all she had and all she was, to a new life.

For just as her leaping impulse to get

something done for the wretched insane in the East Cambridge jail had led her straight into the greater field of the suffering insane in all Massachusetts, so her stubborn determination to help the mentally ill of her own state led her out into the whole of the nation. All through the 1840's, when Victorian opinion decreed that respectable women should stay in their own homes and confine their attention to their own families, this pious, indomitable Yankee school-marm traveled up and down and across our country from Canada to the Gulf, from her own Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi.

In Rhode Island, in Pennsylvania, in New Jersey, where fine doctors, aware of the terrible need, had done their best—ineffectually—to move politicians to action, she named names, gave exact facts, concrete instances, precise localities. Legislatures came to dread the very name of Dorothea Dix. But every one who met her gave way before her.

She was middle-aged, she was not pretty, she was a "lady," she was—to even the most prejudiced eye—obviously respectability itself although she broke all the traditions of female respectability. She had her small independent income. There was no hold by which politicians, enraged at the idea of spending tax money for the care of the insane, could break her. She was never broken. She broke the opposition to a decent recognition of social responsibility to alleviate suffering.

And now she is dead. She died in venerable old age, revered as a saint and prophetess while yet living. She has been dead for more than fifty years, yet she liveth in the new conscience of humanity. One of the great new golden treasures of our modern civilization is a wider acceptance of the idea that we all are our brothers' keepers, even when, especially when, they are helpless to help themselves. Her personal stamp on that new gold is the conception that society as a whole, not merely an occasional wealthy private benefactor, is responsible for all the insane, not only those from rich families. When our state legislatures meet, session after session, as the years go by, it is for us voters to keep that conception clear and unblurred.

THE SILVER CORD

(Continued from page 21)

are nothing when the cause is God's? What has the cynic, the superman, the little nationalist, against such a faith and such a brotherhood? This is the lever in the hand of God with which He shall at last move the world and change its face. This is the silver cord with which He binds all men.

Four chaplains? Not now. They are four torches in the van of marching men. A million mothers will be saying, "If only my son may be like that!" Ten million freemen marching, fighting for a Christ-like world will be saying, when they read of it, "This is what we fight for." This is not death, but inspiration. This was meant for us to see and understand and build upon. This is for us, that we may lay hold upon the silver cord that held The Four together. And if ever, henceforth, this silver cord be loosed, this golden bowl be broken—then God help us all!

CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943 • PAGE 62

BILL GETS A SCRUBBING

(Continued from page 39)

ministry. Real guy, Bill says he was; he'd play with the kids just like he was one of 'em, an' he talked like a human bein'. He knew Bill's record, but he never let on; he just went at Bill like he was the greatest kid he'd ever met, an' he made Bill think he *was* somebody. They must 'a got on famous, for Bill opened up an' told him everythin'. An' this Mr. George kept at him an' at him, tellin' him how much it meant to finish school an' then go to college, if he could, an' how those gangsters down in the block were really suckers ('scuse me, Miss, but that's what he called 'em) to spend half their lives in jail when they could be sittin' on top of the world if they used their brains right. He got Bill to readin' about Benjamin Franklin an' Lincoln an' Rickenbacker, an' it gradually seeped into Bill.

"Well, I didn't have to worry about Bill after that. He got himself a job in a candy store down on the corner, to fill up his spare time, an' how that man did like him! He almost cried when Bill left the store, after he finished high school, for a full-time job an' to go to school nights. He worked hard, the boy did, an' he got along on almost nothin', an' gave me most of his pay. He wore one old blue serge suit 'till it shone like a mirror, an' every time I looked at it I thought about those old knights in shinin' armor I read about once. Bill, in his shinin' blue serge, was like one of them knights."

She stopped, suddenly, and looked down at the dirt she was pushing up with the toe of her worn old shoe. The handkerchief came out, and she dabbed at her eyes. The young lady just sat there, waiting.

"Then the war come."

It was somehow like saying, "Then it was all over." Then the war come!

"Bill wouldn't wait to be drafted. He told me one night he couldn't keep his mind on his books no more, an' that he had to go. I wanted to die. It seemed all wrong, that a low-down man like this Hitler could reach into my kitchen and take my Bill and march him away. I started to plead with Bill, to tell him we'd both worked so hard and now he was goin' off to get killed. Why couldn't he let other boys go, an' go on with his work? But this wasn't Bill.

"Listen, Ma', he says. 'Look. The kids who will come along after us have got to have a chance. They have to have a chance to be somebody; they got to get away from places like we live in, places like this block where they turn out jailbirds. They've got to be set free from all this. Free, Ma. If we don't get 'em free, they'll be slaves, an' brutes, an' killers like those Nazis. No, we can't let that happen. The kids have got to have a chance to be somebody, like Franklin or Rickenbacker or—Mr. George. Mr. George said once that somebody always had to sacrifice something, before we got anything in this world that was really worth havin'. I'd be lettin' him down if I didn't go. . . ."

"I knew then. It was Mr. George, an' this Mont Lawn. An' while I cried all night, I was so proud I couldn't speak.

PAGE 63 • CHRISTIAN HERALD JUNE 1943

I wouldn't 'a had it any other way. Bill went, a few days later, an' while I was sayin' good-bye to him in the Pennsylvania Station, he made me promise I'd take a day off some time soon an' come up here just to see Mont Lawn. He said, 'That's America up there. Ma. That's why I'm going like this. You go up there and just look at it.' So—that's why I'm here."

There was nothing much to say, after that. They sat idly plucking at the grass, watching the children on the Mont Lawn playground. A big bird wheeled in beautiful circles against a cloud-swept sky, soundlessly, and Mrs. Haynes said almost to herself, "He's free, that bird. Free, like these kids here, ain't he?"

Mrs. Haynes broke the silence. She fumbled in her handbag and pulled out a crumpled, folded ten-dollar bill. "Look," she said. "Look. I ain't got very much money, but I got enough to get along on, an' this is part of the money Bill sent me last week. You take it, an'—well, just use it. I gotta go now." She snapped the handbag shut and almost ran away from there. She didn't want any thanks, and she didn't want to talk about it. She went over toward the chapel; she wanted to see that, and the dining hall, and the snug little cottages around the brow of the long hill, where the children slept.

She took her way slowly through heaven, turning a deaf ear to those who offered to guide her. She just wanted to see it all, by herself. She touched a cot in a cottage, and told herself that maybe Bill slept on this one. She sat long in the little chapel, talking to Bill, as though he were there in the empty room. She sat on a bench under a tree and talked to Bill again. She wandered like a cloud, dreamily, for an hour, two hours, and then she started down the long road toward the gate. She stood in the gate for a minute, looking back; she waved to the young lady who stood on the porch of the homestead, and then she adjusted the old hat on her head, dabbed at her eyes, and walked out of sight around a bend in the road.

She was content, now, to go back to her scrubbing. She had made her pilgrimage; she had looked into heaven.

JAMS, JELLIES AND PRESERVES

(Continued from page 49)

recipe directions specify these steps.

To Prepare Juice: Follow the directions exactly for preparing juice in jelly recipe. Do not add water or simmer fruit unless recipe directions specify these steps. Place in jelly bag and squeeze out juice.

To Pasteurize Fruit or Juice: Fill jar to shoulder and seal partially. If jar has a wire bail, click the top one into position but leave the lower bail up while processing. If it has a screw top, first screw it in place, then unscrew it half a turn so that it is not tight. But if economy lid is used, screw band very tight. Place on a rack in a water bath at 185° F., or simmering temperature. Water should reach an inch or two above the jars. Bring the water again to simmering temperature and keep it there for 20 minutes for pints and 30 minutes for quarts. Remove jars from water and seal them completely at once. Cool jars as rapidly as possible, avoiding a draft on them.

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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Bad Turn

"How's your wife coming along with her driving?"
"She took a turn for the worst last week."

—Watchword.

Full of Years

Reporter—To what do you attribute your great age?
Grandpa—To the fact that I was born so long ago.

—Lookout.

Neat and Tidy

Mother—You were a very tidy boy not to throw your orange peel on the floor of the bus. Where did you put it?
Johnny—In the pocket of the man next to me.

—Exchange.

Hope

"We all hope for the day when isms will be wasms."

—Exchange.

Camouflage

Officer—What's the big idea? What are you men doing climbing trees and crawling through the bushes?
Private—Well, sir, we camouflaged the gun before lunch and now we can't find it.

—Exchange.

Oh Nurse!

Father—Our George will be in the hospital a long time.
Mother—Why, have you seen the doctor?

Father—No, but I've seen his nurse.

—Lookout.

Small Steak

Waiter—And how did you find your steak, sir?
Diner—Oh, I just happened to move this French fried potato—and there it was!

—Boys' Industrial School Journal.

Dog's Life

"Little boy, do both of your dogs have licenses?"
"Yes, sir! They're just covered with them."

—Exchange.

Due to Dew

"How kind of you," said the girl, "to bring these lovely flowers. They are so beautiful and fresh. I believe there is some dew on them yet."
"Yes," stammered the young man in great embarrassment, "but I'm going to pay it off tomorrow."

—Exchange.

Problem Solved

"At last I've solved the parking problem."
"No more squirming through the crowded streets, turning left and right, driving around the block a dozen times, smashing fenders, squeezing a 120-inch car into 90 inches of space; no more wrenching of shoulders and twisting of my spine, no more working like a demon and sweating looking for a place to park, and no more saucy talk from traffic cops. I've solved the parking problem."
"I've sold my car."

—Manitoba Free Press.

So Difficult

A man who stuttered badly went to a specialist, and after ten difficult lessons learned to say quite distinctly: "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers."
His friends congratulated him upon his splendid achievement.
"Yes," said the man doubtfully, "but it's s-s-such a d-d-difficult remark to w-w-work into an ordin-a-ry c-c-conversation, y'know."

—Watchman-Examiner.

Doctors

Father—You can ask a question but make it short.
Small Son—Well, when a doctor gets sick and another doctor doctors him, does the doctor doing the doctoring have to doctor the doctor the way the doctor being doctored wants to be doctored, or does the doctor doing the doctoring of the doctor doctor in his own way?

—Exchange.

Good Manners

When little Clara was about to go to her chum's party her father gave her a few hints on how to comport herself.
"If they ask you to dine with them, you must say, 'No, thank you, I have already dined.'"
When she arrived, however, the first thing her chum's father said to her was: "Come, Clara, and have a bite with us."
"No, thank you," replied the mannerly girl, "I have already bitten."

—Lookout.

First Quarter

It happened at an income tax office in Washington. A colored resident, with his form all filled out, approached the "Pay" window and laid a quarter on the ledge.
"What's that for?" asked the clerk, who had read the total amount of the tax.
"Why, that's for my income tax. They done told me I could pay a quarter at a time."

—Pathfinder.

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